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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

This week the coal crisis has entered on an entirely new phase. The Government, having failed to bring about agreement between owners and men, have turned to legislation. On Tuesday Mr. Asquith introduced a Bill to establish the principle of a minimum wage and providing for the settlement of rates of wages by local conferences or committees with an independent chairman. Odd as it sounds, it is to be a permissive law, with no sanction and no penalties for breach. It is literally true that those whom the Act is to affect may take it or leave it as they like, according to Mr. Asquith; though it would be much easier for the miners to leave it than the masters. There is really but one virtue in the Bill; it made something of a golden bridge for miners or owners who wanted to escape.

But the Miners' Federation the day after the Bill was introduced refused the bridge altogether unless rebuilt on their own lines entirely. They would have all they wanted or nothing. They insist on their own wages schedule being made part of the Bill. This really bursts up the whole thing. The Government can hardly give way so much, even if they would. There would be revolt on their own side. There are many Liberal capitalists and some of them are mineowners. The second reading showed nothing. It was safe enough for every Ministerialist, whether a have or a have not, to vote for a non-compulsory Bill which merely declared pious principles. But not so with the Labour amendments. They will be business and very bad business for the Government and for mineowners, Liberal or Unionist.

The position is now practically what it was in the railway strike. A resolution of the House of Commons

preceded a voluntary agreement on the railways. The Minimum Wage Bill, if it goes through, will in point of efficacy be no more than the resolution. It would be what lawyers call a law without a sanction; there is no force at the back of it. If the miners should not finally press the inclusion of their schedules, they thereby announce an inclination to arrange a possible minimum in the district conferences. They do no more. They are quite at liberty to disagree. A ballot will have to be taken in any case; and the miners may back up that section of their leaders who this week obtained the vote at the Federation Conference for the inclusion of the unaltered schedules in the Bill. It was thought the Federation would leave the minimum to be settled in the districts; but this vote came as a surprise and shock to all parties. The miners' insistence on their schedule of rates would leave the Act of no value; not even the value of a resolution.

The Opposition refused the Bill altogether. The Bill was inconclusive and could not be effective; it was a bad precedent; it introduced a great industrial innovation by a sort of side way; it was unequal as between parties; it could settle nothing. No doubt opponents will be quick to put a bad face on the action of the Opposition. It is, of course, open to misrepresentation. But Mr. Bonar Law and his colleagues were right in their decision. As Mr. Balfour pointed out when he moved the rejection, mere abstention by Unionists would have been a feeble course. The Opposition must take its responsibility as well as the Government. Unionists have now declared that they will not be answerable in any way for the Government mode of dealing with the strike. Their future is thus unhampered.

On the minimum wage question the Opposition took up, on the whole, a neutral position. Mr. Balfour condemned the Government for introducing it in a temporary measure and in a trade which was quite able to protect itself. He did not condemn it on principle. Rather he looked at it askance as dangerous though permissible in certain conditions, none of which obtained in the trade touched by the Bill. This probably represents the mind of the party as a whole. Some, like Lord Robert Cecil, might object to it in toto;

others would accept it in toto. But they would be a few either way. What would be Disraeli's attitude? For it, we imagine.

The great event of a great debate was naturally Mr. Balfour's re-entry. One realised anew how great was his ascendancy over the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith was strictly accurate when he said that Mr. Balfour's loss to the House was felt not more by one party than another. Labour, Nationalist, Liberal, Tory, all alike brightened up on Mr. Balfour's rising to speak. "Arthur is come again; he cannot die." The new dispensation seems likely to work very well for the Unionist party. It will have the immense help of Mr. Balfour's debating power, who will probably be all the more effective for being free from the burden and trammels of party leadership. That may well be borne by a younger man; and Mr. Bonar Law is bearing it well.

Lord Robert Cecil made a remarkable speech. Legal precision and hard logic do not in him put out the fire of emotion. Some of his sentences on Tuesday rang out with all the power of true oratory. He was deeply moved, for he had taken the Syndicalist element in this matter for his subject. He charged that there was a great conspiracy. So far indeed as the motives of the famous South Wales Syndicalist pamphlet are behind it, it is a conspiracy. But we do not follow Lord Robert's censure of a "sympathetic strike", if its object is honest, and not a political device. The co-partnership conclusion to the speech was good to hear; but does he think working-men partners would or could be content without a minimum profit for their share?

The proceedings of the Public Prosecutor against the "Syndicalist" have thoroughly disturbed Messrs. Wedgwood, Lansbury, Morrell, Thorne, and MacCallum Scott. It is their policy to believe that the authors of an appeal to soldiers to disobey their officers are victims of political tyranny. The Attorney-General on Monday was quick to rebut the assumption that this prosecution has anything to do with the free expression of "syndicalist or other political views". The offence of this newspaper is directly provided against in the Incitement to Mutiny Act 1797. It is also a common-law misdemeanour. Mr. Wedgwood's unctuous remark about asking Christians not to kill was rather cheap stuff to bring into the House of Commons.

The Attorney-General dealt competently with Mr. Wedgwood; but his criticism of the Recorder who charged the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey might have been spared. Mr. F. E. Smith regretted that Sir Rufus Isaacs had not reproved Mr. Lansbury. He should have pointed out "the obvious inconvenience and public danger of anyone, while a case was pending, inviting the House to establish itself as a critical assembly and to denounce statements of his Majesty's Judges". Far from reproving Mr. Lansbury, Sir Rufus Isaacs' answer was in the tone of one who rather agreed with him.

Mr. Tom Mann, President of the League which is responsible for the publication of the "Syndicalist", was arrested on Tuesday. It is not much use locking up "two poor printers" (as Mr. Lansbury pathetically describes Messrs. Buck, of the "Syndicalist"), leaving the real author at large. The Attorney-General might also take note of two speeches of Mr. Victor Grayson, one at Crewe and one at Motherwell. Mr. Grayson says he has a hundred letters in his possession from members of the British Army declaring their absolute refusal to shoot if they are called upon. In the Motherwell speech Mr. Grayson went further than Mr. Mann of the "Syndicalist". He not only told soldiers never to shoot working men; he told them to shoot their officers instead. Mr. Grayson, on his own authority, would gladly walk to the gallows as well as to gaol. In some countries he would soon be there.

Mr. Bonar Law was right to insist that the debate on the Female Suffrage Bill should be put off till next week. Everything has had to give place to the Government's attempt to deal with the coal strike; and there was no reason why the arrangements for the "Concilia-

tion" Bill should stand in the way. It is true that Mr. Asquith was in rather a delicate position. He had given up Friday to the suffragettes, who, he knew, would be quite ready to charge him with having invented the coal strike as an excuse for thwarting them. (Their sense of proportion has at no time been very strong.) But Mr. Bonar Law was fortunately ready to stand between Mr. Asquith and the suffragettes. So Mr. Asquith put them off, saying he should hide behind Mr. Bonar Law if the women came for him.

Mr. Sidney Buxton would punish the militant window-breakers by voting against the Bill. He is still a suffraget; but he thinks that votes should be withheld from women so long as the militant section is on top. He argues that to pass the Bill now would be to admit that the tactics of the window-breakers had prevailed. Mr. Buxton's argument is curiously perverse. If it is possible to distinguish suffragists from suffragettes, it is the suffragists who want the "Conciliation" Bill for which Mr. Buxton refuses to vote; and it is the suffragettes who are always saying that they have no faith in it.

Mr. Buxton's root mistake is not so much that he has got suffragists and suffragettes upside down as that he has tried to distinguish one from the other. It is no longer possible to do this logically or in practice. Either you are suffraget and vote for the "Conciliation" Bill, or you are anti-suffraget, and opposed to any and every Bill extending the franchise to women. Mr. Buxton, in fact, is no longer a suffraget at all, only he is not clear-headed enough to see it. Miss Gladys Pott, in Wednesday's "Times", shows that supporters of the "Conciliation Bill", who urge moderation, subscribe to the W.S.P.U., whose conduct they profess to disown.

One is accustomed to suffragist fanaticism in the streets and in meeting-houses, but at least it might be kept out of church. S. George's, Bloomsbury, we read, was to be kept open all day yesterday for prayer for the Conciliation Bill, and three services held: also a prayer meeting at S. Ethelburga, Bishopsgate. These people in their madness mix up things divine and human; they no doubt claim the Deity as a supporter. What is to be said of men and women who cannot keep even their hours of prayer clear of political propaganda and wire-pulling?

On Wednesday, at the Royal United Service Institution, Lord Esher read a valuable paper on the co-ordination of the naval and military services. Lord Esher is known mainly by his work on committees, and for the anomalous position he occupies as a permanent member of the Committee of Imperial Defence, of which he became a member just before the resignation of the Balfour Cabinet seven years ago. It is anomalous in the sense that Lord Esher has no responsible post in the Cabinet, and has no claim to the special knowledge which justifies the position of the chief experts of the Admiralty and the War Office on the Committee of Imperial Defence. As the committee grows in power, which is inevitable, it will become more and more desirable that this precedent be not followed.

Lord Esher spoke of the decentralisation going on in the Cabinet owing to the growth of work since the days when it was small, and its members were equals. But he might have ranged back as one speaker did to the days when England was ruled by the Privy Council. Then the Council grew too big, and the Cabinet came into existence. Now the Cabinet has grown too big, and practically without any demur the whole range of foreign policy and Imperial defence is controlled by the Prime Minister and his Cabinet colleagues on the Committee of Imperial Defence. Lord Esher does not think there will ever be a Minister of Defence, for no Prime Minister would agree to have so powerful a colleague; it would be against the decentralisation process of the last seventy years. So the Prime Minister must continue to harmonise the two services by his position as Chairman of the Defence Committee. But will his burden of work allow it?

There is one statement in Mr. Winston Churchill's Estimates speech to which we give a double welcome. We deprecate in every way the mention of officers' names in the Press for praise or blame. We would see established in both services the tradition of the medical profession. We welcome the appointment of Admiral Sir Reginald Custance to the chairmanship of a committee to investigate the system of entry and training of officers for the Navy, because it indicates the burial of the hatchet in the campaign against critics who ventured to differ from the policy of the Board of Admiralty. In 1906 Mr. Bellairs promoted a memorial of M.P.s praying for an inquiry on this very point. It was refused—a disastrous mistake.

Lord Charles Beresford fell especially foul of the opening paragraph of the Estimates, the burden of his complaint being that we should at all costs avoid hurting the susceptibilities of another Power. "Honourable members may laugh; but it is our country that causes all the irritation in Germany. We begin it, and I will prove it." Thereupon Lord Charles produced a sheaf of German newspapers. For sheer clumsiness this would be hard to beat; nor is there much point in Lord Charles' criticism. Of course, our Estimates must have regard to the programmes of "other naval Powers", and of course these Powers can precisely measure the effect of their own policy upon the British programme. There is all to gain and nothing to lose by having this connexion plainly stated.

Mr. Ormsby Gore, in a speech on Welsh Disestablishment to the United Empire Club on Monday, pointed out that Disestablishment and Home Rule have run together from the first. Where is the common denominator? Is it that both are destructive of history—in the worst sense reactionary? Possibly; but there is a reason nearer the surface, and probably nearer the truth. Radicals never mentioned Welsh Disestablishment while they were in opposition; and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in 1906 made an electioneering speech in Wales without referring to it. Radicals, in fact, only begin to think of Welsh Disestablishment when it is necessary to draw the attention of English Nonconformists from the Protestant alarms of Ulster. The two destructive Bills were together in 1892-5; they are again together in 1906. But the connexion is not so much logical as tactical.

Mr. Roosevelt has failed in his campaign for the Presidency. Already 146 delegates have been elected. Of these 131 belong to Mr. Taft, and 13 belong to Mr. Roosevelt. Even in the West, where Mr. Roosevelt expected the country to be "solid" in his behalf, the President has done better than the ex-President. It will not be necessary to wait for the Convention. As events are running, Mr. Taft will be nominated as Republican candidate three months before the Convention meets. Mr. Munsey, whose newspapers have all through pretended that Mr. Roosevelt's nomination was assured, has already thrown up hope. His letter—"on the face of it, it looks like Mr. Taft"—is practically an end of the campaign. The severest blow was delivered in North Dakota, where Mr. Roosevelt has been beaten by Mr. La Follette. This was the region whose "popular demand" called Mr. Roosevelt from his retirement.

The Portuguese Government has just released, without explanation, Senhor Azevedo, Minister for Foreign Affairs under King Manoel. At the time of the Lisbon strike in January the Republicans made an official statement that Senhor Azevedo had been arrested owing to certain "gravely compromising letters". No one believed the statement. Clearly Senhor Azevedo was not implicated in the strike. He was arrested simply because he had been Foreign Minister under the Monarchy. Repeatedly challenged to produce the compromising letters, the Government at last put forward as the cause of arrest a letter of Senhor Azevedo written before the Republic was set up, when he was still Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Government has now released him to avoid any further comment.

The strike of the thousand or twelve hundred men of the British Motor Cab Company is explained. On the day before the strike the men made a presentation of a gold watch to the assistant manager, which shows they had no ill-feeling; but they wished to be included in the award made in the recently settled dispute. We should have thought the Company would have preferred to fall in with the award rather than have quarrels with their men. Lord Chichester, the Chairman, complains that though concessions were made involving expenses of some thousands a year, the men were called out at the request of the President of the Cabdrivers' Union. Lord Chichester does not seem to think the Company would be any worse for agreeing to the award, but they do not like doing it at the Cabdrivers' Union's demand.

Mr. Justice Lawrance's retirement will be regretted by the legal profession, as he has always been personally one of the best liked of the judges. The regret will be tempered, however, with a considerable amount of satisfaction, for undoubtedly it had long been felt that his time had come. Mr. Justice Grantham's death left him the senior judge on the Bench with twenty-two years' service, and Mr. Justice Lawrance was certainly one of a group of judges who have over-passed the pension period and should give place to younger men, as they have no other distinction than their age. Two vacancies have now occurred since the Additional Judges Act was passed, and the Bench is back at its old level. Arrears in the Courts were being wiped out, but they are raising their heads again. The two vacancies ought to be filled up at once, but cannot be unless the House of Commons agrees; and the Government are afraid of asking for its consent. Until another judge leaves the Bench, no appointment can be made except by going through this performance.

The sardine case has supplied, off and on, a fortnight's amusing and instructive reading. Everything has turned on the meaning of "sardine", and much scientific evidence has been produced, sprats and herrings and pilchards. The defence by parties who pack Norwegian sprats and call them sardines is that sprats have as good a claim to the name of sardines as those little fish from Sardinia itself or Portugal or Cornwall that would monopolise the name. Norwegian sprats, avowedly sprats, are smoked and tinned as sardines, and the French exporters are bent on stopping this sacrilege. They aver that the real sardine is, and must be, an immature pilchard, and so the young pilchard of the Cornish coast is entitled to the honourable description of sardine. Managers of restaurants have protested their horror of sprats being served as sardines. What the magistrate may decide we do not know; but according to the Oxford Dictionary the sardine belongs to the herring family, species pilchard, and is found off Sardinia and Brittany and Cornwall, its name probably being derived from the Greek and Latin name of Sardinia.

In the House of Lords on Tuesday Lord Newton, calling attention to the Report of the Joint Committee on Stage Plays, invented a new way of dealing with authors. First he admitted that authors were the only people who should be considered in discussing the Censor. Then he admitted that most authors were of opinion that in this matter of censorship something should be done. After this we quite expected him to announce a Bill. At the very least, we expected him to say he was in favour of doing something. But Lord Newton held in reserve a private opinion he has formed as to the acumen and judgment of authors. Authors are grown-up children. They do not know what is good for them. They want to abolish or modify the present system of censorship; but really the present system is to their advantage. This method of dealing with authors struck Lord Ribblesdale so forcibly that he immediately borrowed it. The censorship, he said, encouraged people to write good plays.

Theatres which deal in virtue, said Lord Newton, take more money in a week than a theatre which deals



in "curious subjects" takes in a year. He was trying to argue that, as there was very little money in "curious" plays (the plays of Maeterlinck, Tolstoi, Messrs. Barker and Shaw, etc.), the Censor could not prevent their authors from making fortunes by refusing to let them be performed. In plain terms, you may deprive an author of his property, if it is not worth much. A few weeks ago an unfortunate man, out of employment, who acted on this assumption, and stole Mr. Shaw's doormat from 10 Adelphi Terrace, was remanded in a London police court in order that the authorities might have an opportunity of inquiring into the state of his mind.

The King Edward Memorial Committee has now agreed, though not unanimously, upon a revised scheme. Its best feature is the allotment of the larger sum for the riverside park at Shadwell. This is good in itself, and good because it reduces the sum to be spent on official sculpture and decoration. Two other improvements in the scheme embody suggestions made in the SATURDAY REVIEW—namely, the reduction of the scale from the colossal thirteen feet figure to something over life size, and the substitution of Portland stone for the chilly marble of that very white elephant the Victoria Memorial. Mr. Lutyens may be trusted to make something picturesque of the architectural form; but there is still a great deal too much sculpture, considering who the official sculptor is. Mr. Christopher Head, who appears to be one of the few sensible members of the Committee, very rightly pressed for a statue only, the remainder of the money to go to Shadwell. But the chairman and the majority cling to the idea that art becomes important by becoming bulky. Everyone seems agreed that the site is a poor one; the King is to turn his back to Piccadilly; and the group in bronze of critics being quelled will fittingly commemorate the divisions of the Committee itself and its differences with the public.

The Voice of Marinetti was heard in London on Tuesday evening at Bechstein Hall in a French discourse upon the ecstasies of Futurism. Signor Marinetti has a Voice in the sense that Willoughby Patterne had a Leg. It has at last screamed its way into London. The French were tremendously startled when "the poet Marinetti" first shouted in the ear of Paris. We have not noticed, so far, that London is particularly impressed. But London is not yet aware that the poet Marinetti "stands erect on the pinnacle of the world"; that "time and space died yesterday"; that already "we live in the Absolute".

Let us be violent; let us rush about with incredible speed; let us blow up the British Museum, tear up the archives, smash the statues, burn the books; let us utterly abolish the past. For the past does not exist, nor the present. We must begin again every day. Now it is the purple voice of Marinetti which claws down and tramples beneath its feet the decaying pedantries of the age. (Mixture of metaphor is essential in a statement of futurist doctrine: for instance, the cry of trumpets is red, and it smites you heavily between the shoulders.) But to-morrow someone will perceive that Marinetti has passed the age-limit of prophecy, and will utterly abolish him with "beautiful ideas that kill".

Seven lives were lost in the wreck of the "Oceana" off Beachy Head. It was difficult to know at the time; but it seems that all could have got safely off had the boats not been lowered immediately upon the collision. At any rate, the officers who remained with the "Oceana" to the last minute were safely transferred, whereas seven of those they tried immediately to save were drowned. Passengers and crew behaved splendidly; there was no panic, save among the Lascars, not that Lascars are to be put down as cowards. The collision has still to be explained. These great boats have really more to fear from one another than from wind and water.

#### COAL AND THE COMMON WEAL.

THE miners' refusal of the terms offered them in the Government Bill has brought things to a pass too serious for shrieking. It is a matter now of keeping our heads. Certain politicians and journalists might cease from their frenzied appeal to those who are already quite converted and their bloodthirsty denunciation of those they will never convince. These gentlemen might well read what certain foreigners, judging us probably more by these oratorical and newspaper ecstasies than by facts, are saying as to the decline in the English people from their ancient self-possession in critical circumstances. The one thing above all others desirable now is to avoid playing on the public nerves. If people were inclined to take the strike unconcernedly or even flippantly, it would be infinitely better than frenzy. The one set-off against the general wretchedness of the situation is the finely quiet way in which the people are taking their trial. It is wonderful that there has been no outbreak of violence amongst the tens of thousands who are pinched with want through other people's quarrels. There is no fear of those who are directly affected by the strike or of any capable of taking serious thought for the public interest taking the crisis too lightly. The less others dwell upon it the better.

The temptation to a Unionist to look at the matter politically is, of course, great. He finds his opponents caught in a crisis not of their own choosing from which there is no escape. A very little assistance from the Opposition must bring the Government down, their second reading majority of 123 notwithstanding. Seeing what it means to all Unionists to get the Government out this session, is it strange if they want to take advantage of Ministers' difficulties? Why, he may say, are we not to use the advantage which fortune has placed in our hands to get rid of a Government bent on destroying everything we care most about and of which the country is already sick? We are not going to pretend to any sympathy with this Government in its troubles. They used their prosperity brutally; they must make the best they can of their adversity. Their management or mismanagement, whichever it is, of industrial crises has not been their worst point. They share but the common lot of sinners in this world in being hit harder for their mistakes than for their sins. Also, if one could not say the Government had actually brought about this crisis, we do say they have done much to make it possible; and we know some on their own side think the same. If they did not actually sow the seed, they prepared an extremely good seed-bed. Misfortune, we suppose, is blind like her sister, but this time she has blundered on her victim with what might be nice discernment. The blind, we know, have wonderful intuition. We do not say it would be in the interest of the Opposition to defeat the Government now; but certainly Unionists are making no political capital out of the situation. It is obvious that by a very little truckling with the Labour party they could make it impossible for the Government to carry on. You cannot govern with a bare majority. As party tactics the official rejection of the Bill had little to commend it. It has made misrepresentation very easy for the other side. From a party point of view it was not the Opposition's game at all. But from a national point of view it was. If the State is to intervene to settle or at any rate to stop disputes of this kind, as we believe it will be driven to doing more and more, it must intervene fairly; it must be equal as between the parties; it must hold aloof from both. Also, if it intervenes at all, it must intervene to effect. Either keep clear of the matter or settle it. If it cannot compel, it should leave law alone. Laws sometimes become unenforceable in fact; but this is the first time we have heard of a law that was not meant to be enforceable. Every Act passed becomes a precedent for other Acts, and this Bill contains so many bad precedents for future Government action that no one who thinks such action must increase could conscientiously support it. Hardly, at any rate, if he tried to



take a long view. If he was satisfied with Mr. Asquith's explanation and took the Bill as a thing by itself, made for one occasion only, a thing equally without precedent and without consequent, and if he also thought it really would end the strike, he might perhaps vote for it. Simple though it would be, we can imagine a man believing all this at first glance, but not after he had thought over the Bill quietly.

In all this tangle—both sides admit its baffling difficulties with equal frankness—what are the agreed points? Probably every one will agree that a man has a right, having given due notice, to stop working and to stay out of work to gain an end legitimate in itself, just as the employer has the right to dismiss his men after due notice and to close his works for his own ends. Also, all agree that a fair day's wage should be given for a fair day's work, and very few will not agree now that no wage is fair that is below the average paid by good employers in the neighbourhood. It is agreed too that, though the object and the methods of the parties to a dispute may be perfectly legitimate on both sides, if the dispute causes damage to others, the State has the right, we should now most of us say duty, to step in and stop it in any way possible. It should stop it even at the risk of injustice to one or both of the parties. It should stop the mischief first and consider compensation to injured parties second. The common good must be preferred to private claims and even to private rights.

These propositions being agreed, how does the Government Bill stand? The Bill is not equal as between parties. It compels the owners but not the miners. It is nothing that there are no actual words compelling the owners to work their mines. If the men were willing to accept the Bill as a settlement and go back to work, how long could the owners refuse? How long would the country stand being kept out of coal with all its train of disaster by the refusal of a few mine-owners to obey an Act? Nationalisation would soon be demanded. The truth is that employers in every industry can be compelled by Government. Had they to deal with the owners alone, the Government would have no hesitation in putting in sanctions and penalties, not out of animus, but because there would be no difficulty in enforcing them against the owners; whilst they could not enforce them against the men. So they committed the splendid solecism of a non-compulsory law, knowing that in fact it was compulsory on one party though not on the other. The Bill is also unequal because while it provides for a fair day's wage, it makes no attempt to ensure a fair day's work which a minimum wage necessarily requires. No doubt the Government would plead again, *non possumus*. We do not admit the plea. They say the local committees and their chairmen will see to this matter. Then safeguards can be devised and ought to have been put in the Bill. As it stands, a chairman might fix a minimum wage with no condition at all as to output. The Bill is plainly unequal and its only justification could be that it would end the strike, that public gain might override the owners' private grievances. But the very men whom it was made to conciliate reject it unless amended in a way that would destroy the Bill. With the men's opposition, all reason for the Bill goes. It comes to this; an unenforceable Act is futile, and a very bad precedent. The utmost it could do was to induce a certain number of the miners by Parliamentary suasion to accept the terms and go back to work. But a resolution could have done that quite as well, and a dangerous precedent would have been saved. There is no appeal in the Bill to the law-abiding spirit, for you cannot break a law which does not profess to be compulsory. Once the Government had determined to pass an Act to deal with this dispute, they should have made it compulsory and put in their penalties. However difficult of enforcement, it would have been law, and those who did not obey it would become law-breakers; which would be an active deterrent on a great many of the English miners, if not the others.

The miners' determination to insist on all or nothing shows either absolute faith in the Government's weak-

ness or something like madness. They may have gauged the Government rightly; it may give in to them. The miners may get their schedule of rates in the Bill. In that event we must, we suppose, admit the miners' tactics were good. They will have won a material but an immoral victory; which may or may not trouble them. But if they do not frighten the Government into submission, they will lose every way. They have morally put themselves out of court. The owners were compelled to recognise and to pay a minimum wage. The tribunal that was to settle the rate of wage was fairly constituted as between men and masters. The chairman, who would generally decide, would in fact be likely to lean, if either way, more to the miners' than the owners' side. Experience shows that agreed chairmen, and still more Government officials, usually do. By grasping at everything the miners have alienated the public, whose temper is rising against them. It is fatuous conduct. We have always held that the principle of a minimum wage is sound. We regret that the miners or the majority of the Federation by their unreasoning arrogance have hindered and jeopardised a necessary social reform, as it seems to us. We have no doubt that vast numbers of the men, who most of them, man for man, are very good fellows, are sorry enough at the line taken by the Federation.

We have treated the situation as genuinely industrial. We have purposely in this article ignored the Syndicalist element which undoubtedly has gone far to poison the movement. We wished to consider the industrial position on its merits, as though there had been no political *arrière pensée*. But we do not forget that it is there. It is a growth that requires the knife.

#### INDUSTRY AND A FINAL SETTLEMENT.

WHILE conflicting rumours of continued strike and immediate settlement come and go, the question arises, Can we reach such a thing as a final settlement, or are we, as some newspapers assure us, merely paying the first instalment in a consistent policy of blackmail? This question is easier to ask than to answer—not because anyone doubts that the Government Bill would be a surrender to a blackmail, but because everyone doubts whether a real scheme for dealing with the essential problem has been or is likely to be put forward by any responsible Government. It is easy to be valorous in the Press, but administrations and existing or potential Governments do not enjoy the greater freedom and less responsibility of editors. The permanent remedy which has been put forward as a solution of existing evils is the combination of compulsory arbitration with the power to attach Trades Union funds. It is an instructive commentary on the bitter path society has trod for the last six years that a suggestion culled from extreme Australasian policies and utterly condemned by manufacturers and owners for nearly a century should now be hailed as the one panacea for existing industrial evils. The Manchester school of Liberal manufacturers fought Disraeli and the National Tory ideas of State intervention in industrial disputes or in industrial conditions year in and year out; the new school of owners is appealing in the interests of the public to that very State intervention which their predecessors so long condemned. In a word Manchester Cobdenism destroyed the conception of State interest in the pursuit of its own selfish ambitions, and now it is appealing to the State to remedy at the eleventh hour the evils of its own creating.

The question is whether the Cobdenite individualists have not so far weakened the whole moral basis on which State intervention depends as to deprive any modern Government of the power to put down with a firm hand the selfish exuberance of any class. Old Ministries were not strong enough to prevent the creation of all those social evils which Disraeli portrayed so vividly in his earlier novels: are new Governments strong enough to face the aftermath of past weakness and to put down labour tyranny as they were never prepared to put down manufacturing and middle-class

tyranny to which our agricultural prosperity was sacrificed?

To put it briefly, is any Government ready to repeal certain sections of the Trades Disputes Acts and so enable the Executive to attach Trades Union funds where the Trades Union has refused to accept the award of an official Arbitrator? It is admitted on all hands that without such a power the principle of compulsory arbitration is futile. It is precisely for this reason that the Labour Party object to compulsory arbitration. Labour members will not endorse a principle the theoretical consequences of which they know very well. Ministers less logical but equally practical will not enforce a clause which is essential to their whole policy, but would be fatal to their continued existence in office. The nation has therefore reached an impasse. It must be held up by strikes without end because a Coalition Government cannot face the one possible antidote. The ordinary way out is to call the Opposition to power. But there is more than one grave difficulty in the way. In common with a large number of their Liberal rivals, the Opposition is by no means convinced that this proposed solution of all industrial difficulties is popular, or a practicable one. The experience in the British Colonies of compulsory arbitration has not been altogether encouraging. In the second place, the Tory Party will not, unless it should ultimately prove to be the only way of meeting Syndicalism, commit itself to a struggle à outrance with that Trades Unionism with which it is in many ways much in sympathy, and from whose ranks it draws many of its best supporters. And it cannot be doubted that a reversal in any shape of the Trades Disputes Act and an attack on the liability of Trades Union funds would, unless the urgency for such action were clearly proved, be bitterly resented by a great mass of Tory trades unionists. If the election of 1906 proved nothing else, it proved that the great mass of the working-class electorate resented the Taff Vale decision. Apart from this, all kinds of legal difficulties of the most complex character will supervene the moment Trades Unions are adjudged corporations for the purposes of attaching their funds in view of a strike or the possibility of a strike. It is difficult in law to see how a body can be made a corporation for one specific purpose and yet not for another. We do not say that all these difficulties cannot be met in the long run by a strong Government which has behind it a great mass of popular support. But it is a mere exaggeration to pretend that public opinion in the great industrial areas is at the present moment ready for any such drastic steps. A community has to learn its lessons like an individual by the teachings of tribulation and experience. The miners will have to half starve themselves and starve their fellow trades unionists wholly before the industrial nation will be brought to realise that State intervention of a forcible character is the only cure for present evils. It is useless to anticipate the judgment of a nation—and neither Government nor Opposition will do it. Ministers must suffer for what Manchester has preached; just as the Opposition will suffer, when the time comes when it should rather profit from the teaching of the real Tories as to what the State means in national life.

#### MR. CHURCHILL AND RADICAL CRITICISM.

HAVING made our position clear that the correct policy for our Navy Estimates this year was to provide for laying down eight Dreadnoughts at regular intervals, we are free to express our thankfulness for such mercies as are vouchsafed to us under Radical government, and to say that the policy outlined by Mr. Winston Churchill last Monday is far better than could have been expected originally from the Radical party or from Mr. Winston Churchill himself. Time was when Mr. Churchill made a speech at Plymouth in which he said that the Radical party would always starve the fighting services. Then he became a Radical, and wrote a certain famous Dundee letter dated 15 April 1909. And now the wheel has turned full cycle, and

Mr. Churchill is no longer spoken of in terms of adulation by our Radical weekly contemporary. On the contrary, he is gravely warned. "He" (Mr. Winston Churchill), says the "Nation", "can continue to ally himself with the general progressive movement—call it Liberalism, Democracy, Socialism, Reform, Social Justice, what you will—whose main reliance is on moral force. He has already done this cause signal services. But a brilliant young man, belonging to the aristocracy, and drawn to it by old ties of habit and military service, may also find an attraction in an Imperialism which rests on physical force. . . . But on reflection he must perceive that he cannot strike a balance of statesmanship, and make for himself a position of authority on either side by addressing himself on Thursday to the Radical crowd and on Friday to the Tory crowd". Here we have a frank statement that the strong Navy policy, or "an Imperialism which rests on physical force", is incompatible with modern Liberalism. And herein lies one all-sufficient reason for our thankfulness. The Radical party, in substituting Mr. Churchill for Mr. McKenna, has not merely been committed to the naval expenditure of a single year, but to a definite programme in Dreadnoughts which embraces every succeeding year mentioned in the scope of the German Navy Bill. At the same time the number of the ships in full commission has also been settled, and therefore the increase of the personnel becomes automatic, unless the "Radical crowd" is prepared to turn out its own Government. There remain only the cruisers, destroyers, submarines and docks for Radicals to exercise their ingenuity upon in the future when they argue with the experts, and, incidentally, as has happened in two of our Radical newspapers, show that they do not even know the difference between a cruiser and a destroyer.

We are far from agreeing with the "Nation" that the programme is Imperialistic and in that sense satisfactory to the "Tory crowd". Mr. Churchill himself betrayed its drawbacks in the peroration of his speech, which concluded with the severe limitation of the duties of the Admiralty to "the more simple duty of making quite sure that whatever the times may be our island and its people will come safely through them". This is but an echo of the Dundee letter defining our standard as "a standard of strength, and only as the Prime Minister has stated, of strength available for aggressive purposes against this island". It is not the least among the many charges against this Government that a deliberate policy of concentration solely for home defence has produced an inevitable reaction in the Dominions, the Governments of which have for the first time argued that since the Mother Country has to a certain extent left them in the lurch, they must be free to choose if we are at war whether they will be belligerents. As Lord Esher put it on Wednesday at the Royal United Service Institution, "For purposes of Imperial Defence the Empire is not a federation but an alliance between greater and lesser States upon terms not so clearly defined as those which subsist between some of the States of Europe. . . . The Dominions are very much inclined to hold language which, if it means anything, implies that they reserve to themselves the power to declare ad hoc on the outbreak of war whether they will take their full share of responsibility as belligerents". This is a very remarkable statement of fact in a considered paper by one who is both in temperament and training inclined to cautious utterance.

Are we justified in saying that the circumstance is new? We think so. It follows upon Imperial Conferences in which the Radical Government has twice taken the Dominions into its confidence, and it comes like an answer to the direct example of the home country in a policy of retreat in which every distant interest is neglected for the single purpose of meeting the German fleet at the minimum of cost. Could any economy be more reckless than that which for a temporary saving substitutes the nationalism of five different States for the Imperialism of Mr. Chamberlain? It involves a withdrawal in peace time from the



Mediterranean, which in 1796 we only did under the necessities of force majeure in days when we had more than a two to one superiority against France. We had then France and Spain against us, but apparently our policy of only 60 per cent. superiority is based on the idea that France will defend our interests in the Mediterranean. The announcement of this approximation to German suggestions of a 50 per cent. superiority was immediately followed by the Kaiser dining at the French Embassy in Berlin. Who can pledge French support to us three, four or five years hence, and who can make a fleet based on this alliance with only 60 per cent. superiority do the work which fleets have hitherto done with at least 100 per cent. superiority, if the alliance suddenly fails us? Again, is it so certain that after the three Invincibles have gone to the Pacific we shall have what Mr. Churchill has promised? Four battleships for Great Britain and two for Germany give on completion a fleet of 33 to 23 for home waters, or just over 43 per cent. margin. It is evident that Mr. Churchill is counting on the three Invincibles in the Pacific as well as a greater rapidity of building. It is only fair to add that Mr. Churchill states that the margin must become larger as the pre-Dreadnoughts fall obsolete. This again points to reliance on France in the Mediterranean, for though we have an ample superiority in pre-Dreadnoughts over Germany, we are materially inferior in these older vessels to the Triple Alliance.

What, however, does the expectation of assistance from France mainly rest upon? It is said that on behalf of the British Government General French guaranteed the immediate assistance of 150,000 men. We will assume that the Admiralty are now agreeable to the performance of this new and extraordinary duty on the outbreak of war. Clearly it has enormously increased the burdens on the Navy since the days when we maintained a two-to-one superiority. Have those duties been minimised in any other direction unless it be—doubtless to the satisfaction of the *Cocoa Press*—that the Navy has no longer to spend much of its energies in the suppression of slavery? The Empire is six times as large as it was seventy-five years ago; the trade by sea has grown by leaps and bounds, and is far more vulnerable to attack; the threats of military raids are greater, and whereas in the fifties of the last century our food-supply was nine-tenths home-grown, it is now to the extent of nine-tenths an oversea production. But for the difficulty of manning in former days it is probable that our statesmen might have sought an even greater superiority than two to one against the next strongest Power, for it proved inadequate in the war of American Independence. When we remonstrated with our "ally" Napoleon III. concerning his naval preparations, he told the British Ambassador, Lord Malmesbury, that England ought to be at least twice as strong on the sea as France. Your preparations are useless, said the German Socialist leader Herr Bebel in 1905, because England will always build two ships to your one. The Radical Government proved him wrong. The "*Manchester Guardian*", March 6, quoted the "*Berliner Tageblatt*" as "the most widely read paper in Germany". "Any considerable increase", says the quotation referred to, "in building would only waken an unwelcome echo on the other side of the North Sea, and would bring us no profit, as the naval relation of about one to two must be maintained by England". Our reply then to our contemporaries is that from the Imperial standpoint we are not satisfied with Mr. Winston Churchill's policy, yet, as one among the expectant "Tory crowd", we cheer him onwards because he has left the Radical crowd in the cold, and given us more than we had hoped for from one of their associates.

#### THE FRANCO-GERMAN DANGER.

IF the Coal Strike did not absorb our attention to the exclusion of all other matters, public opinion might with justice be gravely concerned over the European outlook. On the Continent everyone's

nerves are highly strung, and not without reason. The war in Tripoli and prospects of trouble in the Balkans and Albania might up to a certain point account for this, but even these are not the sole, or even the principal causes of Continental nervousness. The Balkan peril is with us every spring, though this year, it is true, its aspect is especially threatening. The war in Tripoli now becomes part of the order of things, and without an extension of hostilities, dangerous to other Powers, may drag on indefinitely. The greater peril lies farther to the West, and storm centres must be sought in Germany and France.

The resignation of the German Finance Minister, Herr von Wermuth, gave a shock to Germany's neighbours. It need not have been, for it was due to purely internal reasons of policy. The ex-Minister believed that the extra expenditure required by the proposed increase of Army and Navy could only be met by a considerable increase in the death duties. Any such financial expedient is anathema to the Prussian Conservatives, whose support is necessary to the existing régime. They are in fact the only party whose support is absolutely trustworthy, because they believe in personal government in which the others only acquiesce. Two more vital objections were raised. Firstly, the Federal Council would not allow any further revenues arising from direct taxation to pass out of the hands of the various States into those of the Central Government; and in the second place, the Imperial Chancellor shrank from imposing taxation solely by means of a majority dependent on 110 Socialist votes. Therefore it must be clear that a policy opposed by the Federal Council, the Chancellor and the Prussian Conservatives could not hold the field, and its author, if he adhered to it, had no choice but resignation. This in itself need have caused no particular anxiety, but there are other possible changes in the German Government which do justify considerable apprehension. The Foreign Secretary's tenure of his office is by no means secure. This is his own fault. He mismanaged the Morocco question throughout last summer, and in consequence he has incurred the enmity of two very powerful sections of German opinion, the Chauvinists and the Financiers. The moneyed interests have not forgiven him for the unpleasant shock he gave to them last autumn, under which they are still reeling. The Jingoists on the other hand feel that they have been woefully sold. In spite of French reluctance to ratify the concessions made in Africa, it is clear that Germany was humiliated as the result of trying a fall with England and France. The view we expressed at the time that Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter had undoubtedly encouraged Germans to expect a good slice of Morocco has been borne out by recent evidence given in the Law Courts. As the result of these blunders his unpopularity is great, and nobody need be surprised if he has to give place to Herr von Stumm or another. Such a change need not cause any particular misgivings elsewhere, though it would be unfortunate, as at the present time the Foreign Minister is doing his best to help the Chancellor to establish better relations with this country. But there is a further change rumoured, which, if it came to pass, would contain the gravest menace to International relations. We mean the substitution of Admiral von Tirpitz as Chancellor for Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. Such a step may seem almost incredible when we consider the pacific tendency of the Kaiser, but we fear it is not impossible. The Admiral is recognised as the most strenuous and persistent advocate of an ever-increasing fleet as a check to England. At the moment the Chancellor is said to be desirous of meeting Mr. Churchill's frank statement of British policy halfway. The Admiral and his party mean an increased programme and open defiance. His accession to power would suggest war within the near future. No Power, least of all England, could afford to ignore the threat it would involve. For this reason we cannot believe any move of the kind is contemplated, but it would be foolish to ignore the very evident fact that the Admiral and his school are fighting bitterly against anything that would look like acquiescence in the British view as expressed by the First Lord.



But though in Germany there are disquieting signs, the most dangerous centre is in France. Nobody in this country need be ignorant of the increasing Chauvinism of the French people, nor of the fact that it is being deliberately fostered by the French Government. It is only fair also to point out that it is receiving the most pronounced encouragement from a widely read section of the English Press. Every morning and evening certain halfpenny journals with an enormous circulation call attention to the "New Spirit in France", the fast-reviving pride in the army, and the avowed desire to recover the lost provinces. This is all perfectly true, and it is a mere record of facts, but it is also clearly a regular campaign organised to excite British sympathy and to ensure familiarity with the idea that France has made up her mind that the time is coming when she will make a determined effort to recover Alsace and Lorraine. It is taken for granted in France that we are to be "brilliant seconds" in this struggle, and, as we have said, British opinion is being inoculated with the same idea. It is perhaps just as well that we should understand here that the French really mean business. In fact, the whole condition of the French nation reminds those with long memories of the state of feeling prevalent in 1869, and in the early part of 1870. Whether the national confidence in the army is fully justified we cannot pretend to predict, but it has obviously more ground than it had forty years ago. The growing sentiment in France in the direction of Caesarism to which we called attention a few weeks ago is only another side of the same movement. The British position in this scheme is not an enviable one. If we have given France reason to believe we shall help her we must carry out our promises, but we cannot say we like the prospect or admire the way in which trouble is being deliberately fomented.

In the Near East, too, the sky is black enough, though we do not credit the rumours of Russian intervention in the Turco-Italian war. We happen, however, to know that a vigorous anti-Turk propaganda is being carried on in Russia, financed by Italian money, and, it is believed, with the approval of certain members of the Imperial family. Whether this be so or not, it must be remembered that Russian religious feeling is very easily aroused against the Turks, and it is at all events pretty certain that Austria and Russia have made up their differences, and have agreed on a common policy in the Balkans in case of any untoward events. Into this particular whirlpool this country must at all costs refuse to plunge, for we have quite enough trouble awaiting us elsewhere.

#### THE CITY.

THE Stock Markets this week have had to contend with the most insidious of all influences—uncertainty. There was no longer the Nigerian tin excitement to distract attention from the serious effects of the coal strike. A tremendous rise in P. and O. Deferred stock provided the only real sensation, and that interested but a limited few. From hour to hour the uncertainties of the coal position have overshadowed all departments, and in the circumstances quotations have remained remarkably firm. Of course, many declines are recorded in Home Railway stocks, but they are insignificant in relation to the decline in traffics. In a fortnight the loss in gross receipts has considerably exceeded a million sterling, a total which in the most favourable conditions may easily be doubled before a recovery sets in. To add to the gloom rumours of serious developments in the European political situation were circulated, but in this connexion also the Stock Exchange remained calm. Indeed, dealers have been able to derive some satisfaction from the fact that while railway traffic has been so woefully disorganised operating expenses have been largely reduced.

The sensational advance in P. and O. Deferred stock has naturally recalled the Union-Castle deal, in which an offer of £31 10s. each was made for the entire issue of shares which had seldom been quoted above £11.

Rumour has it that an offer of £500 per share has been made for each £100 of P. and O. Deferred, which last week stood below 250, and it is reported that the directors are holding out for £600. No official information is obtainable (apart from an expression of opinion by one official of the company that the rise was a "rig"); but it is confidently believed that important negotiations are actually in progress, and it is expected that an announcement will be issued before very long to the effect that the control of the P. and O. Company has passed into the hands of a financial group on a basis substantially above current market quotations, but that the company will retain its present identity and that its business will remain in the hands of the directors. A sharp rise in Royal Mail Steam Packet stock has been associated with the P. and O. movement, but the expectation of an increase in the Royal Mail dividend to 7 per cent. sufficiently explains the demand in this case.

Another group of shares in the Miscellaneous Market which has been in good demand is the London Electric Supply group. Several of the leading companies, including the City of London, the County of London, and the Charing Cross, are experiencing a large expansion of business as a result of the coal strike. The demand for electric power owing to the scarcity of coal and the high price of oil has increased by leaps and bounds, and augmented dividends are therefore expected. At the same time negotiations are in progress for amalgamation of certain companies in the form of a close working agreement which should bring about great economies in working. It is too early yet to discuss the nature of the arrangement, but it is not likely to take the shape of a financial amalgamation. Marconi issues have also been in strong request again in expectation that the managing director's visit to New York and Montreal will result in further important developments affecting the parent company and the Canadian subsidiary.

The "boom" in Nigerian tin shares collapsed very suddenly. They are no longer "the fashion" in speculative circles, but as they had a very short vogue it is just possible that there may be a revival. The swift slump in Anglo-Continental from 8 to nearly 3 and the subsequent violent fluctuations have caused some misgivings regarding the settlement, but if that passes off without trouble the next account may see a resumption of activity, although not on the scale witnessed last week. Other mining sections are quieter, some attention being given to coppers and diamonds.

The firm undertone of Rubber shares is fully justified by the trade outlook. The fact that forward sales for 1913 of plantation rubber are being effected at prices ranging up to 4s. 7½d. per lb. indicates that manufacturers are confident that the demand for the commodity will be pretty well maintained for many months. The inquiry for shares is apparently on behalf of investors who exercise a good deal of discrimination in their purchases. As regards Oil descriptions, the decision of the "Shell" representatives to complete their transaction in taking over all the properties of the Egyptian Oil Trust and the Red Sea Oilfields is evidence as to expert opinion regarding the future of the Egyptian oil industry.

Among Colonial Railway stocks Canadian Pacifics have been bought on increasing traffics, but Grand Trunks are somewhat out of favour. In this category the continued demand for Hudson's Bays, partly on satisfactory fur sales, may be mentioned. The fact that these shares now stand at twelve times their nominal value suggests that the rumoured share-splitting scheme cannot be long delayed.

#### INSURANCE.

##### THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY.

IN view of efforts to injure the Prudential, the current accounts are attracting much attention in insurance circles. It was widely believed that the business had been hard hit, especially in certain parts of the North of

England, but it is now evident that the harm occasioned by the attacks was inconsiderable. Experts who recalled the almost senseless "Yellow Press" agitation against the leading New York life offices were generally convinced that any injury sustained would be slight, and in no way permanent, owing to the indisputable solvency of the company. It is interesting to find those opinions supported by the facts; new ordinary business was lost to some extent, but there was no débâcle, and the industrial branch made good progress, considering the character of the year, which seems to have yielded poor results in almost all instances. Why the ordinary branch should have suffered, and not the industrial, is not easily understood, possibly the supporters of the former, mostly clerks, shop-assistants, and small tradesmen, are not quite so level-headed as the labouring classes.

A reduction of about one-fourth in the volume of new business transacted would not in any case be a serious matter, and it could have occasioned few misgivings in view of the substantial progress made in other directions. In the ordinary branch the total premium income increased from £4,806,021 to £4,812,268, and the net receipts from interest from £1,500,585 to £1,567,749, while the expenditure was reduced by £31,121, and disclosed a ratio of only 7.798 per cent. on the premium income. For a business comprised of policies averaging very little more than £100 each this percentage is extraordinarily moderate, and has never been approached by any other office undertaking similar risks. The industrial branch of the company appears to be conducted with equal prudence, although in its case a comparatively high expense ratio is shown. In this branch the premiums amounted to £7,631,408 last year, and compared with £7,426,317 in 1910, while the net return obtained from the investments was £1,241,583, against £1,148,954. Such figures show that the assault upon the company had so far failed except for some trivial injury caused to the outworks. Under both heads—premium income and interest—the advance secured was about equal to that of average years, and the comparatively small falling off in the number and amount of the new policies issued was probably due—in large part, at all events—to unrest among the working classes.

Institutions which are known to be, and can instantly be proved to be, financially sound generally benefit from hostile criticism, because attention is directed to their affairs, and their strong as well as their weak points are revealed. Although the Prudential did not get a certain quantity of new business last year, it gained in another way—renewal premiums were more easily collected. How little the company was actually affected by the attacks upon it is proved by two facts. In the ordinary branch the amount paid for the surrender of policies and bonuses decreased from £615,738 to £400,395, and in the industrial branch from £233,802 to £221,657. Moreover, the accounts show that the funds increased by £3,710,456 in 1911, and by £3,327,525 in the preceding year, while the total amount transferred to the investment reserve fund was unchanged, being £500,000 on each occasion.

Exactly the same lesson is obtained from a study of the valuation reports made by Mr. Frederick Schooling, the actuary. With a net liability of £39,974,848 there was on 31 December 1910 a surplus of £1,751,114 in the ordinary branch, and a year later these figures had changed to £41,512,013 and £1,788,357 respectively. Similarly he shows that at the same date in 1910 the industrial branch had a net liability of £32,076,305 and a surplus of £1,547,961, whereas the respective amounts were £33,915,599 and £1,681,551 a year later. In the first case, therefore, the actuarial solvency of the business had very slightly diminished, but in the other case there had been considerable improvement. Fluctuations of this kind are bound to occur in connexion with all businesses involving the contingency of death, as so many influences affect the growth of surplus from year to year. It is probable that the somewhat slower expansion of the surplus in the ordinary fund was mainly due to the smaller volume of

new assurances completed, but the latest valuation definitely proves that the actuarial stability of the business as a whole increased, and the condition of the ordinary branch was such as to enable the directors to declare an increased bonus at the rate of 36s. per cent., additional benefits being also given to the industrial policyholders. This action was undoubtedly justified, because in both branches Stock Exchange depreciation is more than covered by the amount at credit of the investment reserve fund.

#### A GERMAN MODERNIST:

CARL JATHO.

BY THE REV. W. SPARROW-SIMPSON.

CARL JATHO, Lutheran preacher at Cologne, was recently the most popular exponent of Modernism in the Lutheran Church. His published sermons display the gift of lucid exposition, a poetic sentiment, moral enthusiasm, and eloquence. He is a good psychologist, but no philosopher. His belief in subjectivity is boundless. His dislike of dogma amounts to a positively fanatical detestation. He is perfectly fearless and frank: so outspoken that it would be difficult to mistake his position. His conception of Christ may be gathered from his answer to the inquiry why it is that John Baptist could not fulfil the rôle discharged by Jesus. The answer given is that the former was one of those natures which while standing on the threshold of a new age cannot disentangle itself from the associations of the Past. He was a good and earnest man, yet unable to set himself free, or fully to appreciate the superiority of those to whom the Future belonged. This seems to be peculiarly unfair to John Baptist. Jesus on the other hand was the Man of the Future, dissociating Himself from the Past, severing the form from the substance. The preacher then enumerates the various historic theories about the Christ: the Jewish, the Greek, the Mediæval, the Dogmatic. Which of these is our own? None and all, is his reply. The laity must come and take Jesus out of the hands of the Theologians. As to the questions who and what He was and is: they appear to form no part of religion. And theology is excluded.

Precisely similar is Jatho's Easter Sermon at Cologne. The form of the sentence "I am the Resurrection" (not I am the Risen One) is made the basis for exclusive insistence on moral resurrection. Resurrection is illustrated by the German Reformation. For St. Paul "Resurrection" is asserted to be the revealing of God's Son in him: that is, the spirit of Christ rousing the soul within. As for the actual Resurrection of Jesus from the dead, the preacher urged that if you pin your faith on historic documents, you are at the mercy of a thousand possibilities. The Resurrection of Jesus in the hearts of men and women appeared to the exponent at Cologne independent of the question whether Jesus Himself objectively arose.

Jatho went further than this. Quite consistently with his principles, he saw, what many fail to see, that if subjective feeling can dispense with the dogma of the Resurrection, it must also be independent of the dogma of God. When Jatho's critics challenged him with the remark that the fundamental religious problem of our time is whether a personal and living God exists, he replied, Is there any necessity to ask the question? The difficulty arises only when learned people discuss it; when it becomes a problem for speculation. Whatever we can say about it is no more than our conceptions, our ideas. Accordingly Jatho ascribes no value to the terms Theism, Pantheism, Atheism. "There is", he writes, "only one test of a true faith in God: namely, whether the God in Whom I believe is so living and powerful in me that divine power and divine works proceed from me."

The untenable nature of this subjectivity seems evident. No doubt the only test of the intensity of a man's belief is the degree to which it affects his character. But the reality of a man's subjective belief

is one thing: the reality of the object of that belief is another. And the question whether the inward belief corresponds with truth cannot possibly be evaded. For a man's religious experience is what he has inwardly felt. But he can no more leave that experience unaccounted for than he can any other experience. If he experiences the feeling of burning, he interprets that experience by the existence of fire. If he experiences another's influence, he interprets it by the dogma of the existence of other personalities besides his own. So also in Religion. The subjective experience of prayer necessitates the objective dogma of God. The religious man asserts that nothing less can satisfy the facts. If religious experience receives conflicting interpretations, then either the experience is different or the interpretation incorrect. Pure subjectivity would leave individuals trusting their own unexplained emotions and mutually regarding each other's belief as based upon illusion. But it is evident that this situation tends to destroy a belief whose objective validity it has undermined.

Jatho indeed went so far as to say "We have no firmly grounded eternally valid truths; otherwise we could have had no Reformation; otherwise we could never have separated from the Roman Church. Why did not Luther remain a Catholic?" Assuredly Luther would not thank a Lutheran for this. Surely the very pretext for Reformation or counter Reformation was belief in the existence of eternally valid truths.

Carl Jatho's Modernism has created a great sensation in Germany. Was Modernism to be endorsed or prohibited? There exists a recently constituted Court (the Spruchkollegium), under Imperial authority, where such cases could be tried. Jatho's teaching was brought before it. The preacher was unable to comply with the by no means exacting minimum of principles required for office within the National Protestant Church in Germany.

Since the judicial decision, much has been written on the case of Jatho. The documents affecting the trial fill no less than seven pamphlets. But nothing demonstrates so forcibly the keenness of German interest in this trial as the fact that Professor Harnack broke away from the course which he was delivering before the University in Berlin to give a lecture on Jatho. To those who resented the creation of a Court for the trial of heresy, as reactionary, mediæval and inquisitorial, Harnack had already\* propounded the *ad hominem* argument that in the absence of any test of orthodoxy it is impossible to keep Catholicism out. If report may be trusted, he appears to have held that the sentence was justified by the connexion between the Church and the State, while yet it was to be regretted that the preacher's irregularity could not be overlooked for the sake of his enthusiasm and his piety. On the other hand, an influential and scholarly German periodical† asserts that while the religiosity of Jatho is unquestionable, those who declare that he upholds the standard of Christ understand neither Jatho himself nor what the standard of Christ really is. What is religious in Jatho is not Christian religion. He is a person who can impart an impulse to a cause, but in positive and constructive labours he is helpless.

The fact is that Modernism, meaning thereby an anti-dogmatic piety, cannot be domiciled naturally in a communion founded on dogmatic principles. No individual teacher in a Church which possesses a creed can have either the logical or moral right to substitute a creed of his own. It is not a question of toleration. If every man may claim the right to be tolerated in holding his own conscientious convictions, no man may claim the right to publish those convictions officially to the congregation which maintains him for the express purpose that he shall teach something else. There are collective rights as well as rights of the individual.

## IS ART A LUXURY?

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THEORETICALLY most cultured people are ready to subscribe to the well-known statement that without Art the world would be a wilderness. And yet we are perpetually brought up against the official antithesis of utilitarian against æsthetic advantages; or in other words physical material advantages against mental or spiritual. Governments and County Councils, composed of practical and materially successful people, are all for practical objects; poets and the other sorts of artists, a hopelessly impractical lot, of course, incline to take spiritual things more seriously, things of vision, imagination, intuition. The question simply is which set of advantages is really more advantageous for man's ultimate development; and does man, starting from his cradle, get no further than a crematorium in an adventurous career?

Governments (composed of non-perceptive people, æsthetically regarded) almost invariably are apathetic to art, considering it a luxury whereon public money must not be generously spent. I suspect that many sympathetic people secretly share this idea. The other day for instance one whose name is famous for lavish gifts of pictures was expounding to me the Government point of view. Gradually I gathered that my informant was, au fond, unsettled, uneasily questioning whether after all public money should not go to ships and drains and guns and shorthand colleges while art was left (being but a luxury) to private generosity. The word utilitarian rose and fell; and indefinitely almost, a feeling got about amongst us that æsthetics were a kind of weakness, fit for private shame and apology, what with the Naval Estimates, the Coal Strike and the Housing Problem. I felt that in a chosen company of pro-Boers patriotic people must have suffered the same qualms. And then I wondered whether one will be gladder, having got beyond the crematorium, that the drains had given every satisfaction or that one had been able to vibrate a little at the touch of Beauty. A mind packed full of stocks and shares and kindred practical advantages, fruits of exclusive application to physical acquisition, must feel rather out of it in regions where such limited affairs are obsolete. Admitting this, we cannot avoid questioning whether so-called utilitarian attainments are not after all less practical than æsthetic sensibilities. And is not Government policy short-sighted and unbusinesslike in its obvious encouragement of temporary returns at the expense of the more permanent?

Any competent advocate of æsthetic development versus utilitarian could prove that physical well-being is more likely to follow from cultured sensitiveness than that æsthetic gifts naturally proceed from material opulence and animal robustness. As I understand it, modern sociological interest in Environment and Garden Cities is entirely based on the mind's virtue to improve matter. But yet the Government point of view regards Art as a luxury, and artists as a limited and negligible crew. Bergson, on the other hand, whose point of view must be disinterested, considers the great artist "the true knower of the Real, who has attained as it were a sacramental communion with Truth". If this be true, or anything like truth, and if we may indulge the fancy that there are what we call class divisions in the spiritual regions, artists and perceptive spirits must there be among the successes, while commercially-minded utilitarians are comparative failures, the hapless unemployables as we should say. "Oh, what a fall was there!"

All this, moreover, is very old indeed; no one has ever alleged that a solid banking account can be carried over as it were from book to book, from the physical to the non-physical. Obviously then a beneficent Government should spend money in giving people something they can transfer—the power to apprehend super-materiality, and to get in touch with what Bergson calls the Real. No intelligent and cultured person questions the artist's rank as seer, even in external manifestations, such as anatomy or light and shade. Academic photo-

\* Cf. "Aus Wissenschaft und Leben."

† The "Neue Kirchliche Zeitschrift."



graphic painters with their suave accomplishment in copying obvious little facts appeal only to provincial minds, and even they, I think, by catering for perceptions that correspond with theirs, are not altogether valueless. I dare say that a Kimberley millionaire might start his art collection with Frans van Mieris or Sévreschina and work up through Gerard Dou to Ferdinand Bol, while on the modern side having begun (some time ago) with Mr. Marcus Stone and Birket Foster he might arrive at Mr. Orpen or Frank Bramley. Once his rudimentary perceptions had responded, ever so feebly, to whatever small appeal they could apprehend, they would expand until at the close of his Park Lane career he would have accumulated qualifications, limited maybe, for life in regions where Kimberley is not considered. Those who accept reincarnation no doubt would see him in his next existence starting a collection from Whistler upwards.

Comparative art historians of the future, moralising on the shallowness of Western art contrasted with the mystic spiritual thought attained in Oriental, will obviously argue that the root cause was the popular and Government estimate of art. They will logically conclude that artists could hardly take a profound ideal line in a community that regarded art as a luxury and beauty as a side-show. Perhaps this practical attitude is inevitable in Western minds, built of other stuff than Eastern. However that may be, we can only look to our artists for liberation and revelation in more or less physical phenomena; in form and colour, light and atmosphere, rather than in contemplative philosophy. Regarding certain of the current exhibitions from this point, we have a wide view of relative perceptions. If we sought much from Mr. Bramley's exhibition in the Leicester Galleries, we should be disappointed. His pictures as it were "slop over" with execution and exude sweet colour. What they unanimously lack a modest canvas by one Arnald, dated 1797 (and sharing Mr. Bramley's room), quietly offers us. This Wilsonian unambitious landscape has technique, while Mr. Bramley has little but flamboyant execution. Arnald inherited through Wilson an almost immemorial tradition of technique, to which Rubens, Claude, Poussin and Vernet had all contributed. Formal and conventional, almost inanimate though Arnald be, yet in virtue of his sense of plan and style he seems desirable in contrast with the formlessness of Post-Newlynism. Mr. Peppercorn in the same galleries obviously has more sense of plan; indeed we may speculate whether decorativeness has not become an academic rite with him, performed rather for its own sake than as an expression of life. And we may wonder whether his perception has really penetrated any further, these last few years, in quest of the Infinite. Putting the same question in regard to Aumonier, of whom there is a memorial exhibition in the Goupil Gallery, one certainly can answer yes. For his latest work (as far as one can judge by internal evidence—Aumonier firmly refused to date his pictures) shows that not only had he learnt the outward aspects and relations of certain phenomena, but that he had experienced and absorbed their life. Much of his work will flag, no doubt because its material is but part apprehended. But in his maturest phase he had "won the confidence of Reality", as he could see it, and thus in examples like "Wendon Street" (90), "Maldon" (115), "The Valley", "The Welsh Border", "Sussex Hayfields" and "The Pool" he expressed not the mere surface appearance of light, transfiguring atmosphere and shadows, but an intimate participation in their spirit.

#### M. LUCIEN SIMON.

BY ERNEST DIMNET.

M. LUCIEN SIMON is the intimate friend, the imitator in a few points and the successful rival in a few other points, of M. Cottet, whose work I endeavoured to characterise last summer in this Review on the occasion of a remarkable exhibition.

There has been for more than twenty-five years a beautiful friendship between M. Cottet, M. Simon, M. Dauchez, and M. René Ménard. They paint the same scenes, very much in the same spirit and largely with the same method. They have made their mark together. They never were jealous of one another. On the contrary, they are the happiest little knot of artists in existence. They sometimes paint portraits, and quite naturally the ascetic face of M. Simon appears on M. Cottet's canvas, while M. Simon's brush plays among the curly head and beard of M. Cottet. They use one another's children as models, and every lover of their painting sooner or later becomes master of at first intricate genealogical tables. They all are, and have always been, well off; they possess mansions in Paris and villas in Brittany, comfortable homes, with no lack of costly pictures and rare furniture in them, as the numerous interiors they have painted of one another's studios and houses bear witness.

With all these wordly advantages they have wisdom. They are not ambitious; they are retiring and modest. Apart from M. Cottet, whose productivity is wonderful—four hundred and ninety-one pieces in his exhibition of last year—they work leisurely. They can afford to be diffident and scrupulous, to make false beginnings or to spend months over preparatory studies. M. Lucien Simon may be said to have been famous quite fifteen years, yet he could not be prevailed upon, during all that time, to exhibit his works outside the yearly Salons, and when, three weeks ago, he did make up his mind to have a private exhibition at the Bernheim Gallery, all that he would submit to public appreciation was little more than thirty pictures. Friendly critics said he was making a great sacrifice.

I wish friendly critics would be a little more reticent about M. Lucien Simon and his friends. One gets tired of hearing so much about their persons and seeing comparatively so little of their productions. One grows weary of the virtues of those gifted, clever, happy Aristideses. The thought gradually occurs that modesty has been known to involve a certain amount of self-centring, and that these painters in their narrow circle monopolise an undue share of human happiness. Our idea of the artist is not that of a modest, meditative man, but of an excited and ever feverish creator. A powerful braggart like Carolus-Duran answers the notion better than these philosophers.

I am afraid that the daily intercourse between writers and artists which is a matter of course nowadays has not been favourable except to the stronger artists and writers. The literary man often prematurely tired of his life loves the spontaneity, the sincerity—always real at bottom, if it is not so sometimes on the surface—of the artist: he loves his delightful ignorances and his refreshing and often inexhaustible knowledge on a few subjects more to his taste; he feels in a studio like an old man in presence of bright children. Unfortunately he is pretty often fascinated by the very side of art which he ought to neglect—the technicalities especially of painting; he catches what he can of that peculiar chemistry, pretends to understand it, talks jargon, and pays the immediate penalty of such insincerity by losing what little freshness of appreciation he may have possessed. In return for these benefits he provides the artist with a few philosophical commonplaces and helps in swelling his head by disengaging the philosophy underlying his "lines, colours, and volumes"—in a phrase I was reading only the other day about M. Lucien Simon. The admixture produces the artist of few words—an unnatural individual—and the hybrid critic who borrows his metaphors from his friends' palettes and passes his life in a thick mist of his own creation. Half the Parisian—I wonder about other countries—art critics die without the revelation that their one use should be to act with regard to artists the part of the sympathetic but clear-sighted public, and that they must learn a great deal more in public galleries than in studios. All intelligent artists are grateful to them when they bring to their work a serious knowledge of the history of art,

but smile when they discover other pretensions. An art critic who happens like Fromentin to be at the same time an artist is generally unintelligible to anybody except brother-artists, and so does not fulfil his whole duty, which is primarily that of an interpreter.

I do not mean in the least that M. Lucien Simon has been spoiled by the critics who devoutly whisper his personal praise. I am rather inclined to believe the contrary, but the atmosphere which surrounds him is unpleasantly charged with literature, and I may not have been the only visitor of his exhibition who disliked being told that he had to find a philosophy beneath "his lines, colours and volumes", especially the latter.

Thank goodness, there is no spherical or conic philosophy in M. Simon's pictures, but there is a great deal of talent and even originality and of easily accessible charm. This charm lies above all, it seems to me, in the truthfulness and perfect sincerity of the artist. M. Cottet is more of a poet, and in the landscape is infinitely superior, but M. Cottet only leaves you in a mood, while M. Lucien Simon compels you to remember for ever what he has once chosen to show you. He is first of all a psychologist, and consequently a draughtsman, which is a pretty rare feature in our days. He sees at once the dominant trait in an attitude or a physiognomy and notes it without hesitation. All his figures strike you by their simplification, but as you examine them they gain in complexity and grow continually more lifelike. At first sight M. Lucien Simon seems to be dangerously near the caricaturist. Excepting his admirable though somewhat lackadaisical portrait of himself and his exquisite studies of babies and little girls, he almost invariably disengages comical traits before the rest, and occasionally even sacrifices the rest to that. (You will find in his spirited "Pavillon Bleu" two waiters whom he has considerably enriched psychologically by depriving them of an eye, exactly as Forain would do.) But this is exceptional, and the piquancy of his drawing only serves to allure and detain. Take the picture called "Le Lauréat", for instance. The little fellow who ascends the platform to receive his prize-book from Monsieur le Maire appears only to superficial inspection as a funny, awkward little boy. But as you dwell on the other figures in the picture—the perfunctory rector, the two curates—one handsome and tolerant, the other tense and intent—the aristocratic, stupid squire, the shrewd Brother Superior, the diminutive central figure on the stairs becomes more explicit. Gradually you have a revelation of the village prodigy, probably an only son, delicate, short-sighted, made nervous by the creaking steps which he imagines may give way, conscious of himself and of everybody else, yet supremely conscious of the gilt-edged volume which he sees glittering before him. This is a perfect translation. Also the famous Breton "Lace-Makers". There are six of them, all sad and stolid, as becomes Breton lace-makers. Look at them a while, you will see their six sadnesses resolve into all the shades of peasant melancholy, and, in the meantime, the rugged environment will also take on an expression, barely indicated as it is, and the stillness of Brittany will fill the picture. Clearly, M. Simon knows how to see, how to select, and how to magnify. He also knows how to condense. Various as are his "Churchwardens", their similitude emphasised by the attitude of the old priest whom they follow, taper in hand, results in a broad and wonderful unity of motion. Nothing can be richer than the "Procession" in the Luxembourg Gallery. One could write chapters on the Breton religiousness, even if one had no other document but this picture (it should be compared with Jules Breton's pleasant superficiality in a similar scene hard by). All that gradually appears on men's faces when they are tuned to unanimous feelings by the same music, the same slow pace, and the same breeze in the air, and cease to be aware of their differences which then show more salient than ever, has been fixed on that canvas.

If, as I firmly believe, the artist—whether in words or colour—who expresses part of that which everybody

thinks to see, sees in reality far more than the mere observer, M. Lucien Simon is a rarely-equipped individual. As a colourist he is not uniformly appreciated and cannot be. He has gradually risen from the careful, robust treatment of the days when he and his friends were nicknamed rather unjustly "la bande noire", to an unexpectedly agile handling of the brush. His "Pardons", his "Potato-gatherers", his "Interiors", with open windows on to the sea, are now full of dazzling sunshine, but the touch is harsh and the luminous surfaces have lost their solidity. The light passes through them. One regrets also that the artist seems to be tired of his old vein and seeks amusement in mere pictorialness—church interiors, etc.—and in studies akin to those of M. La Touche, whom he cannot hope to rival. If he does not care for Brittany any more, let him go back to his graceful fillettes before they shoot up into grown-up girls. He will have few competitors. Beauty for beauty's sake seldom attracts modern painters, yet we are all ready to admire.

#### A FURTHER NOTE ON HANDEL MSS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IN my note last week on the Granville collection I overlooked an important point, or rather had not definitely arrived at a certain conclusion, though I had my suspicions. "The great value", I wrote, "of these scores is that after all they are more likely to represent Handel's final intention than the autographs", etc.; and I gave reasons for so thinking. In using the term "great value" I thought not of the commercial value, but of the value to musicians who want accuracy in their Handel editions. No matter which version, the autograph or the Granville, may be more accurate, the commercial value of Smith's copies is of course immense, if only because they were made under Handel's eye by his trusted amanuensis. The autograph of the vocal trio composed by Handel at Naples in 1708, and bearing his overwhelming levinbolt signature, will probably turn out to be worth more hard cash than any other item in the collection. Handel autographs are now so rare that no musician dare dream of possessing one—unless he is a madman or a millionaire, and only a mad musician would dream of ever becoming a millionaire. But to revert to the artistic view, the supreme interest of the Granville copies is, as I have already said, that for many reasons they, rather than the autographs, must be regarded as authoritative. If they are not the actual copies Handel directed his performances from, they must at any rate be duplicates of those copies; and I believe it will be found that the oftener a work was performed in Handel's lifetime the more numerous are the points of disparity between the autograph original and Christopher Smith's copy; the seldomer the work was given the fewer are the differences. "Israel in Egypt" was sung three times and quietly put to slumber on the shelf; and the two versions are practically identical. In many more popular things, or works which were revived from time to time, there are very great differences, and one must decide, or at any rate wonder, which is correct. My belief is that so long as, say, an oratorio was being asked for by his patrons Handel was prone to make alterations; Smith would copy these and his version would differ from the autograph in proportion to the opportunities Handel had had of altering. The case of the "Messiah" is to some extent an exception. For this work there was an eager demand to the end of his life, and after Smith's clean copy was made Handel must have changed such numbers as "Their sound is gone out" and "How beautiful are the feet", besides transposing for one reason or other some of the less well-known songs. "The Messiah" is almost an exception that proves the rule; and the rule is that when in doubt between the Granville version and the autograph, choose the Granville.

I have not gone into the question of the operas at all. Without doubt they were altered freely on various occasions; but nowadays they are never performed, and



save as curiosities they never will be performed again; and the order of the pieces, and whether Handel wished one air rather than another to be sung, are matters that matter not. In the operas we find many of Handel's divinest songs; but now and evermore those songs must stand every one by itself; and should we be asked whether we prefer Smith to the autograph, or some other copy to both, no pangs of compunction need prevent our neglecting probable dates, and even Handel's possible intentions, and unhesitatingly declaring for what seems to us the finest piece of music. The pasticcio known as "The Triumph of Time" can be similarly treated. This curious work was originally written in Italy to Italian words; and, in later life, whenever Handel in the hurry of his close-packed days wanted a fresh "entertainment" for his patrons he seems to have dished up the old thing once more. I neither know nor care which is the authentic version.

There are other notable things in the collection. A sort of harpsichord tutor by one Johann Krieger, printed in Nuremberg in 1699, is described in the catalogue as "very rare", and I can well believe that this is so. I had never heard of its esteemed author nor his book before, but a note by Granville shows Handel to have thought highly of both. Well, Handel's authority on matters he understood is not lightly to be scoffed at; but the harpsichord has gone out of favour and is not likely to return, and anyhow, for harpsichord, organ and all keyed instruments we have better exercises than those I glanced at in Herr Krieger's book. Still, there must be plenty of collectors anxious to possess such a curiosity, even if they never try to learn the art of playing from it. Another document is a letter from his Majesty George the Third to Mrs. Delany, but whether it is Royalty's own hand I cannot say. Mrs. Delany is requested to get his Majesty the loan of some of the volumes in the Granville collection and also another piece by "that great master". "That great master", it may be recollected, was George's master also; and as a matter of fact George the Third never learnt really to like any other music save his. Were he now reigning, the Philharmonic Society would certainly be offering programmes of Handel's instrumental pieces with perhaps a Haydn symphony thrown in as a dare-devil novelty. His Majesty appears to have lost a song in eight parts he was particular about getting. One hesitates before making suggestions when so august a personage is concerned, but there is a note of regret in his letter announcing the return of this "beautiful song": can it be—? Let us hope he did bring himself to part with it and it got lost on the way home.

I should add that I have assumed the handwriting of these scores to be Smith's. Undoubtedly it mainly is; and, anyhow, all the copies had been through Handel's own hands. Why Mr. Granville, having so fine a collection, and possessing such opportunities for completing it, did not complete it, is one of those things no modern fellow can understand. However, let us not grumble and repine, but rather be thankful that he preserved so much. And let us hope there are not many rich Americans in this country at present.

#### THE LOST POLES.

By FILSON YOUNG.

THE newspapers of last week have been full of a strange error. They have announced, with every emphasis of headlines and special type, the discovery of the South Pole; whereas what has really happened is that the South Pole has been lost. For hundreds of years the North and the South Poles were the property of mankind; they furnished the world with the main-springs of the bravest physical adventure. The books dealing with arctic and antarctic exploration furnish in themselves a library of the most inspiring kind, for they show to what heroic heights human nature can rise in quest of the unknown. None of the adventurers who one by one disappeared into those icy virginal fastnesses ever, if they came back at all, came back empty-handed. The Poles were undiscovered, but men discovered in

themselves and in their comrades treasures of endurance. The by-products, if one may use the expression, of polar exploration have been of enormous value. New territories have been discovered, new stores of scientific knowledge accumulated, but these lands would still be unknown, this knowledge would still be hidden from us if there had not been the powerful magnet of the Pole itself to draw men into the unknown.

This great possession of the world received its first blow when Peary discovered the North Pole. The veil of romance fell from it; human presence demagnetised it. Although here and there enthusiasm will equip a scientific expedition, the North Pole will attract men no longer. And now Captain Amundsen has dealt a further blow by the discovery of the South Pole. He has discovered it, but the world has lost it. And the world gets nothing in exchange for the loss; even if one could set off a practical advantage against a spiritual one, there is no practical gain to set against the loss to the imagination. The Poles seem to be miserable places now that they have been discovered. We would throw back the veil over them if we could, and leave them still as a goal for the attainment of future generations—but it is too late. Wiser than we was the Power that screened them behind those icy veils, and piled the ramparts of ice about them, and flung the frozen seas around them like a mantle, and set a long, long road of difficulty and danger between them and the habitations of men. Wiser than we; because a universe which contained nothing unknown would be intolerable and uninhabitable for mankind. Yet the whole result of mystery is that we try to pierce it; the whole purpose of difficulties is that we should try to overcome them; the whole value of imagination is that by wonder and speculation it leads us on to knowledge. But it is the wondering that is splendid, not the knowing; it is the fighting that is glorious, and not the possessing; it is the difficulties on the road that teach us our lessons, and not the view that we get when we arrive at the end. All that the Poles ever meant to us they cease to mean now that they are discovered. In other words, we have lost them.

What a field for adventure was the world a few years ago compared with what it is to-day! There was the wonder of people living in other lands and speaking a different tongue from ourselves. What were they like? What did they think about? How did they live? Now we no longer wonder; no desperate adventure is necessary in order to find out even a little; we buy a half-penny paper or a shilling encyclopædia and know all about it. Once we were confined to the earth and could look up into the blue cloud-flecked sky and think of it wonderingly as a region unattainable by us, a territory of winged and invisible things that lived a free life of their own there; now we mount into the air shamelessly in balloons and aeroplanes and fly about among the swallows and journey whithersoever we have a mind. We go down into the sea and see the wonders of the deep; and for many of us they are wonders no longer. We annihilate space and listen to the voice of a man in another country, hold audible conversation with him across seas and mountain ranges instead of having to take a journey of many weary days in order to have speech with him. We harness the ether and make it carry our trivial messages across half the world; we make living things of metal that are endowed with an energy of their own, that travel and work for us infinitely better than any man or beast. And for every conquest we make we suffer a defeat; for every mechanical gain there is a spiritual loss; it is as certain as anything can be. The motor car, for example—look what gain that has brought us, and look what loss. The gain was a thing which we did not really need and which we could have done without; the loss is a real deprivation of something we once enjoyed and which can never be replaced. We have the convenience of rapid travel, but the old quiet sensation of journeying from place to place on horse or on foot, adventuring every hour into strange scenes and new lands, and feeling that we were doing a great thing and living an exciting life—all that has gone. We dart over a



hundred miles of road that we have been over so often in the same way that we think we know it off by heart, although in fact we neither see it nor know it. I have had great joy and pleasure in motor cars, but I would forego it all if I could get back for myself and for others the things that the motor car has taken from us. And, similarly, who twenty years hence would not give back the glory of having discovered the Poles, for the glory of having them still to discover?

It is impossible to help wondering what will be left for the human race when one by one all Nature's little shy secrets are wrested from her, and all the veils are torn from life, and when the world that we once thought so wonderful and miraculous lies all explained before us, its last mysteries accounted for, and Nature all reduced to law. Human nature, so far as we know, does not change, and therefore there will always be this deeply implanted thirst and quest for the unknown; but what will be left unknown, except death and whatever lies beyond it? For a race so sated with knowledge and glutted with experience as the human race will be in another century or so there seems nothing left but suicide—if indeed that wiser Power that gave us mysteries and miracles and bade us wonder at them, and that surely in sorrow sees us unveiling our mysteries and prying into the mechanism of our miracles, does not destroy us in some conflagration of righteous anger, and begin again with an innocent race. What is happening now is becoming less and less mysterious and marvellous; it is only about what will happen in the future that we can still say, "I wonder".

#### THE LAUGHTER OF THE FRENCH.

By JOHN PALMER.

IT is a terrible but necessary thing to laugh at the French laugh. Remember that scores of celebrated French critics have denied Shakespeare the gift of laughter, and that Molière is the highest expression of the Gallic genius for comedy. We are driven continually to reflect upon a fine summary of the whole matter by Paul Stapfer—the critic-interpreter between Kelt and Teuton: *Leur rire est un jugement*. French laughter is laughter of the intelligence, cold and aloof, reviewing critically the faults and foibles of men and women. The comic personage of Molière has lost touch with his kind. He is outside the pale of common sympathy. We may pity him on reflection; but our first impulse is to deride. He is a figure of laughter, because he lacks the balance of mind which enables men to live seriously with their fellows. He is a swaying drunkard among men who walk soberly and straight. French laughter is criticism, ringing clear and metallic, with none of the half-tones of sentiment and sympathy which are in English laughter. English laughter is rarely from the head: French laughter is seldom from the heart. Therefore it is no accident that the French have kept their comedy and their tragedy distinct; whereas Shakespeare has filled his tragedies with clowns and cobblers. For the Frenchman is never so much aloof from his fellows as when he laughs with Molière; and the Englishman is never, perhaps, so near as when he laughs with Shakespeare.

I think I have read all the really important critical literature of France that has been written of Shakespeare from Prévost to Lafenestre, so that I am profoundly sensible of the gulf between Shakespeare and the Gallic mind. The gulf was not bridged, even when Laplace and Le Tourneur were adapting Shakespeare with enthusiasm for the Paris stage, or when every fresh presentation of a Shakespeare play was a winning cry for the Romantics. Every criticism, from Chateaubriand to the humble, foolish Mézières, brings one inevitably back to the root origin of the misunderstanding—the French have no Gallic synonym for the English "humour"; and their best critics of our drama (Jusserand and Stapfer, for example) fall

into despair whenever they attempt a paraphrase. The French and the English laugh in different languages.

We have an absolute confirmation of all that may be gathered from a study of Shakespeare's French critics in the essay on laughter of M. Bergson.\* M. Bergson's philosophic theory of laughter; the manner in which it dovetails with the main body of his thought; its capacity for a wider application than any theory as yet put forward; the wealth of happy illustration and ingenious development—these things are scarcely in the way of dramatic criticism. But the arresting feature of the essay for a critic of comedy is immediately incidental to M. Bergson's main position. Here is a French philosopher who sets out to discover the springs of human laughter. He proclaims his discovery; and, when we come to examine it, we find that he has fully and wonderfully explained, not the laughter of humanity, but the laughter of the French. He has not discovered a common source of the two broad streams—French and English. His philosophy of laughter explains Tartuffe and Harpagon; it does not embrace Falstaff and Dogberry. Could we have a better view than this of the gulf between Molière and Shakespeare? I do not say that M. Bergson, were he to widen and develop further his remarkable theory, could not philosophically bridge the gulf. The point is that he does not seem to be aware of its existence. He has only cared to cover the field of laughter for his countrymen; and there are passages in the essay which do not suffer his theory as it stands to interpret for us the laughter of the English.

The life of the individual in society is a continuous series of reactions and adjustments of himself with his fellows. Successfully to be the social creature he must be indefinitely pliable—alive, responsive to the situations in which he finds himself, ready to adapt himself to the current of experience. Laughter, says M. Bergson (this is the final result of this theory), is a social gesture by which mankind corrects in the individual a lack of social virtue. The laughable element comes in as soon as we are conscious in our fellows of a "certain mechanical inelasticity just where one would expect to find the wide-awake adaptability and the living pliability of a human being". Laughter, therefore, is society's defence against the individual whose vice or manner or intention, from a want of balance in his character, is separatist. Taking a few of M. Bergson's remarks fairly at random, we find (1) that laughter is critical and corrective; (2) that it is incompatible with emotion or sympathy with the object. "In laughter we always find an unavowed intention to humiliate, and consequently to correct our neighbour, if not in his will, at least in his deed. . . . The comic appeals to the intelligence pure and simple; laughter is incompatible with emotion. Depict some fault, however trifling, in such a way as to arouse sympathy, fear, or pity; the mischief is done, it is impossible for us to laugh. . . . The comic will come into being whenever a group of men concentrate their attention on one of their number, imposing silence on their emotions, and calling into play nothing but their intelligence." These citations suffice to show that M. Bergson has in his mind throughout the comic personages of Molière. To these personages all that he says is pertinent from end to end of the essay. But he takes no account of "humour". There is no place in his formula for Falstaff or the gravediggers.

It is far from my intention to say anything derogatory of the French for laughing with Molière. We English laugh rather differently—that is all. We have no "comic" figure to put beside Tartuffe, just as the French have no "humorous" figure to put beside Sir Toby Belch. The half-dozen personages in Shakespeare's plays who are "comic" in the French sense—personages who are embraced by the formula of M. Bergson—cannot weigh against the brilliant host

\* It is an excellent plan to read this in the admirable translation by Mr. Clouesley Brereton. (London: Macmillan. 1911. 3s. 6d. net.)

which throngs the plays of Molière and his successors. Shakespeare tried his hand at the "comic" figure, critically observed in the dry light of intelligence; but his studies in this kind are not representative of his theatre, and have been very commonly misunderstood by his countrymen. You can number them easily on the fingers—Jaques, Malvolio, Achilles, and so forth. They hardly count in his reputation. For the "comic" personage in perfection we must go to Molière and the French; because Shakespeare, who could quite certainly have written "comedies", did not choose to do so. But, while we accord to France the glory that is hers, we may surely protest against the Gallic way of dismissing Shakespeare's "humour" with a shrug. And certainly we may point out, in thanking M. Bergson for writing so delightful an essay (no living Englishman could have written it), that a French philosopher setting forth to discover laughter at its source has concluded by defining it in terms which, if accepted as universal and inclusive, would condemn the poor sad English never to smile again.

### THE RUGBY FOOTBALL SEASON.

BY VERNON RENDALL.

THE match last Saturday at Edinburgh between England and Scotland marks practically the end of the Rugby season. It has been one on which lovers of good sport, and Londoners in particular, can look back with satisfaction. The degradation of buying and selling and the frequent trickery into which professional play has brought the Association game have made room for a revival of Rugby football which is doubly welcome. Here at least is a chance to see the game played with due attention to the rules, and referees are neither mobbed nor intimidated by a partisan crowd. The tripping which King Lear associates with the "base football player" is not to be found at Richmond, Blackheath or Twickenham, and thither the true lover of sport goes on a Saturday afternoon rather than swell the mammoth crowds of Chelsea and Fulham.

The rise of the Harlequins as exponents of dashing and brilliant play has done much to attract, and we may expect in future to see some Etonians in their ranks, since Eton has taken up the game of Tom Brown. Oxford and Cambridge have both been of exceptional strength, the collapse of Cambridge in the 'Varsity match hardly representing true form, and being a tribute, perhaps, to the overpowering effect of Mr. Ronald Poulton. Blackheath, shorn for some years of its ancient glory, has reached success with an admirable series of forwards, and the Services are formidable in the same way. Forward play, indeed, as a whole has with one exception reached a versatility equal to the days of Vassall. The combined dash which carries the ball irresistibly down the field has been much in evidence, and the best of the pack have got over that blind stupidity which seems to seize the normal forward when he gets the ball in his hands. Passing has been delayed till the right moment, and many movements between backs and forwards have resulted in as pretty a combination as could be wished. Players like Mr. C. H. Pillman, who was, perhaps, unwisely dropped from the English team in their later games, have not only spoilt the dangerous initiative of half-backs, but have also started others with the speed and resource of a three-quarter. The one point on which English forwards have been weak is in getting the ball in the scrum. The Welsh backs who failed to cross the English line last January had more than their share of chances by this means, and the same may be said of the Irish players who were decisively defeated in February by five tries to nothing. It seems clear that the ball should be put into the scrum by the referee, and that the legality of the expedients for securing it should be settled beyond doubt before another season begins. Last Saturday the International Board wisely decided that the ball is not fairly in the scrum until it has passed a player on each side, and instructed referees

that "loose head" tactics can be treated as obstruction, and penalised as such. A new law, giving a free kick or a scrum, if a player wilfully pass, knock, or throw the ball into touch, is also an excellent move. The defensive use of touch, even in the hands of a master of it, is dull. The "touch" that is wanted by the true sportsman is Montrose's, the venture "to win or lose it all".

Referees might certainly keep a closer hold on the component parts of the scrum; insist, for instance, on its immobility when the ball is being put in. They might also keep a stricter eye on half-backs who go as near infringing the off-side rule as they can. Assistance in forming a judgment should be expected and more frequently demanded from touch judges who usually take their duties pretty casually.

The unexpected defeat of England last Saturday puts that country on a level with Ireland in the International matches as the winner of two matches out of three, but the English record is clearly the better, and it must not be forgotten that the side defeated at Edinburgh lost one of its most capable forwards for most of the game. England is, on the whole, superior in all points of the game. Ireland has in Lloyd a half-back with a positive genius for kicking the ball whither he wishes. His dexterity and resource surpass even that of W. J. Bancroft, the famous full-back, who has for many years been the mainstay of Welsh defence. Apart from these two players and J. G. Will, a winger who is likely to turn the fortunes of Cambridge against Oxford, the backs outside England have lacked distinction. Wales, in particular, has lost that pre-eminence which has been so marked of recent years. The success of the English game behind the scrum has been due to a Harlequin quartette which, capable in defence, has been brilliant in attack. Mr. Stoop, dropped in the match against Ireland as not sufficiently robust in defence, has at half-back made admirable openings for his clubmates, and helped to establish the obvious advantage of choosing players who are accustomed to act in concert. His play is somewhat risky, and he is apt to be impatient, but his unceasing vigilance and ingenuity in seeking occasions to score are a great asset to any side. The player who is preferred to him ought to be greater than anyone we have seen of late. Mr. Poulton is the most brilliant back now playing; his pace and his power of winning through are alike remarkable. He is the sort of player who at any time may make a whole side look silly. Mr. Brougham, a comparatively new recruit to the game, must have been one of the most constant try-getters of the season. In every one of the International matches his running has led to a try, and there is no more elegant player on the field to-day. It seems impossible to stop him when he is once well going, and his try against Wales was a wonder, though in the hands of anybody else it might have been only a wild desire. Birkett has been sound, but hardly at his best in International play. Moreover, he is inclined to be selfish, and seems to forget sometimes that they also swerve who only stand and wait. The choice of a full-back has caused some difficulty. Mr. W. R. Johnston, of Bristol, has proved equal to his duties, with plenty of the nerve and decision that make for safety.

The Harlequin players have been accused of lacking defensive powers, but they represent a pretty general tendency to regard attack as the best form of defence, a tendency which is all for the good of the game. We do not belong to the formalists who protest against a pass inward instead of a pass to the wing man, or assume that punting ahead and following up is right or wrong in any given position. Variety is the spice of the game, and for the same reason we welcome the revival of the dropped goal, which for some years almost passed into desuetude. The steady making of ground by long and short kicking into touch, practised with wonderful exactitude by Lloyd, is not attractive to the spectator, and after all it does not secure tries. The thrill of that success is due to him who carries the ball and the fortunes of his side.

## THE MYSTERY OF ROWING.

BY LAWRENCE E. JONES.

ROWING is the most esoteric of all out-of-door pursuits; either you know about rowing or you don't know about rowing. There are few, if any, degrees of expertness as far as the theory of the thing goes; and there is nothing in the rowing world to correspond to that broad fringe of smatterers that hangs round the inner circle of the proficient in well-nigh every other game. One of our best-known and most respected evening papers printed last month an intermittent series of critical notes upon the Oxford Torpids. They purported to be written by "Our own rowing correspondent", and they entered into details about the way in which the various crews managed their sliding seats. Now I have little doubt that if any paper had alluded to Woolley as "the young Yorkshireman", or had referred to Flying Fox as the winner of the Oaks, or to A. D. Stoop as "the Cambridge crack", the sporting editor would have been submerged in post-cards pointing out the slip. But the much graver error of "own rowing correspondent" who discussed the sliding of crews rowing upon fixed seats was allowed to pass unrebuked; at all events the mistake was repeated in subsequent batches of these illuminating notes.

The fact is, the great public knows nothing about rowing. And yet the wonder is that it likes to hear about it. Who does not know that wintry evening in early February when one of Mr. F. E. Smith's most inspiring periods in the House of Commons is suddenly "entrecoupé" as it emerges from the tape-machine by some such dreary little item as this:—"The Cambridge crew were afloat this afternoon and paddled to Baitsbite in two pieces. Captain Gibbon coached"? Just that, and no more. A few old oarsmen may perhaps shiver in compassion as they read; a few fond parents wish it would give the name of number three (Bob's one chance)—but the vast majority of readers must surely only feel impatience to get on with Mr. F. E. Smith.

And yet, that little paragraph persists. Day by day, as the spring draws near and the cold gets more intense, that little paragraph expands. We hear of changes. Bob is tried at bow and finally disappears; President Bourne begins to handle the stroke thwart; we hear of "small-boat" practice and the rate of striking. People who do not consciously read the rowing news at all suddenly find that, unconsciously, they know and recognise the names of the oarsmen. Hundreds and hundreds of men and women in England to-day could tell you Mr. Arbuthnot's initials without looking at the paper. And when it comes to Putney practice the whole thing becomes open and unashamed. "Oxford's good time" appears upon the posters. "Mr. Gold looks pleased" in the "Daily Mirror".

And still the public knows nothing about rowing. "Isn't it frightfully exhausting?" asks the lady next to one at dinner. It isn't; but explaining it is frightfully exhausting.

The truth of the matter is that, apart from the small number of men who have the opportunity of learning the art of rowing, little or nothing can be learnt about that art by reading or watching. A famous coach used to say that in rowing a man must be thinking of sixty-nine different points at once. To the average spectator it appears a fairly simple form of exercise; the combination of one or two large and elementary physical movements. All the nice points of watermanship, the subtleties of rhythm and balance, cannot well be appreciated by anybody who has not actually sat in a racing-boat. Whereas we have all more or less thrown, caught, hit, kicked, or rolled a ball about; and when we see the same thing done by others, though it be with infinite delicacy and skill, we are astonished and delighted, but not mystified. Hence arises the problem: If the public, while remaining deeply ignorant of the art of rowing, persist in being interested in boat-racing, what part ought the Press to play?

True, the public is deeply ignorant of horses, and

yet persists in being interested in horse-racing; but then there are races daily, and results and forecasts are all the betting-man needs. But the boat-races which interest the public at large are few and far between, and while there may be and is a certain amount of betting on the Boatrace, it is unorganised, and in any case decidedly not the main cause of the universal interest taken therein.

Bare accounts of work done, times accomplished, weather conditions, and the number of strokes rowed in any given minute can be as well supplied by a careful, non-expert pressman—after a little practice, at all events—as by an expert; and the newspaper men who do supply these details are usually far too sensible to venture upon the larger field of comment and criticism. But then these bare details can surely only interest the little handful of rowing men who can fill in the flesh, as it were, and interest themselves in these bare bones by virtue of their own knowledge and experience. Real criticism and valuable comment and comparisons, on the other hand, can only be made by experts. And yet the public, which is and can be interested in these, cannot by any means tell the true from the false, and is as much interested and as truly grateful for some imaginative trash from the pen of a layman as, for instance, in the accounts of the present rowing correspondent of the "Times".

All the more honour, then, to those morning papers—and there are several of them—who of late years have taken the trouble to secure rowing-men as their reporters. Because when the public will thank you for nonsense about rowing, it is a true work of supererogation to supply them, all indiscriminating though they be, with scrupulous and perhaps costly good sense. The sad thing is—and I fear it is not unknown—when the expert's sense of humour, or some other sense, leads him to play with the poor unsuspecting public. The Sophists of old were paid to make the worse cause appear the better, and they deserved their hire if they succeeded, for they had a shrewd audience; but to make the better crew appear the worse, in the eyes of the innocent, is hardly to play the game, especially when the motive of gain is absent, or (if that is too cynical) especially when that motive is present.

At present, this year's Oxford crew is better than the Cambridge crew. There is no individual oarsman quite of the calibre of Mr. Garton or Mr. McKinnon last year, but there is plenty of good material. Oxford are not a fine crew yet—though they may still become one—but they are a good crew. They have length, considerable life, good leg-work, and they make their boat travel straight and true between the strokes. And that is to say that they have got pace, which after all is the main thing. There is plenty of room for improvement. The beginnings might be sharper and harder yet, the time more accurate. There is just a little hesitation and weakness over the stretcher when the bodies are full forward. But they keep their length and their life well over a long distance, and Mr. Bourne is rowing better than ever.

If early reports of the Cambridge crew were anything like true, the Cambridge coach must have done wonders. He has produced, so far, a very respectable crew. The men are well together; their body form throughout the boat is on the whole good; and they are aiming at the right things. But so far they have neither the length nor the life of Oxford, and their boat, instead of running along between the strokes, bounds up and down in the water. This means loss of pace. If you watch the bodies, there is an appearance of considerable life; but that is partly because the first part of the stroke is rowed in the air. And because the beginning is missed, the finish is weak and unsatisfactory—hence the bumping of the boat. Cambridge appears to be able to row a faster stroke than Oxford at present, but they sacrifice length in doing it.

There are still seven days to the race. If Cambridge get that length and beginning which they now lack, their finish would probably come right, and they might find their pace. There is no reason why they should not. But if they are to win the race this year, not only



must they do that, but Oxford must cease to improve at all. And with so likely a crew that is hardly to be thought of. So that, with normal improvement of both crews and no accidents, a good Oxford crew should have no difficulty in beating a fair Cambridge one this day week.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### TRIPOLI AND THE NEAR EASTERN DANGER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

11 March 1912.

SIR,—Your issue of 9 March contains a very lucid analysis of Italy's disastrous campaign. One may perhaps question the assertion that our Foreign Office has taken no lead in pressing mediation on the combatants. At a time when Spain is seriously considering intervention in Portugal, when the difficulties which are arising out of the Franco-Spanish negotiations seem to be no nearer solution, and when the Balkans are in such a state of unrest that the Ottoman Bank deems it necessary to address a grave warning to all its branches hinting at probable internal troubles and at disturbances in the Near East, if England has not already taken the bull by the horns, so to speak, who could refrain from blaming the Government? We should rather rejoice in the rumour that they have proposed to the Powers that Italy should be asked to renounce all naval actions against the Turkish ports of Europe and Asia. But beyond that all attempts at mediation appear for the time being to be at a standstill. The attitude of Italy, however, is significant. After having obtained the consent and approval of France and Sir Edward Grey, if not of England, to start the Tripolitan campaign, the Italians now tax the two countries with a lukewarm attitude. M. Barrère's policy, which brought about the "Carthage" incidents, widened the breach, and now Italy is turning once more to Austria and Germany, her old alliance which a short time back she was desirous to forgo. Italy's chief accusation against England is that she will not force Turkey to recognise the "fait accompli" in Tripoli. England should emphatically retort that there is no "fait accompli". In spite of the glowing reports of Italian victories, the truth leaks out from time to time, and we learn that Italy is by no means in possession even of the coast line. Not so long ago a troop of Grenadiers made a reconnaissance towards Zanzur. Whilst digging trenches, the soldiers were attacked by Arabs on horseback. The Italian Press published an account of this affair as being most successful, there being ten killed and thirty wounded; whereas, in reality, the soldiers were forced to abandon their shovels and axes, twelve were killed and sixty wounded—all shot in the back. So much for the veracity of Italian reports.

The Italians are more desirous every day of directing the war against Turkey itself, and accuse the Powers of shamming neutrality by allowing Turkey to hide behind their protection. The bad feeling expressed in Italy can only be explained by the indecent haste in which they embarked on their campaign, without counting the cost or realising the difficulties that beset their path.

As late as 9 June 1911 the Italian Minister for Foreign Affairs repeated in the Chamber that the foundation of Italian policy was the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, that with the exception of Tripoli and Cyrenaica Italy had no reason to complain of Turkey, and that if they thought at Constantinople that the agricultural expansion of Italy in these two territories endangered the integrity of the Ottoman Empire they were labouring under a very heavy mistake. This was no mere rhetoric at the time, as their relations with the Dual Monarchy have shown ever since. When Austria-Hungary annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908 the latent hatred of the Italians for their powerful neighbour broke out in a fierce burst of indignation at the "piracy" and the "treachery" to international treaties. In December of the same year the anger

raised against Austria was kindled anew by riots between Italian and German students at the University in Vienna. It was at that time that the first Italian Nationalist Union was founded at Turin, and the movement rapidly spread all over Italy. The Nationalists lost no good chance of attacking Austria-Hungary, demanding that Italy should, at the earliest opportunity, leave the Triple Alliance and unite instead with other Latin races. (With regard to the Latin unity, no one will deny that there is less prospect of it to-day than there was in 1908.) Then the Clerical party began to agitate Italian public opinion with regard to Tripoli. The "Avenire d'Italia", which can be described as Christian Socialist and belongs to the same company as the "Corriere d'Italia" of Rome and the "Corriere di Sicilia" of Palermo, being the most theoretical of all Catholic papers and showing great interest in voicing the discussions of economic doctrines, began to paint Tripoli in glowing colours. It spoke highly of and enlarged on the friendly feelings of the Arabs towards the Italians, and by exaggerated and wholly inaccurate articles, which were taken up by other journals, prepared the way for a war which will benefit nobody in Italy with the possible exception of the shareholders of the Banco di Roma. The Italian Press lost its head to such an extent that, time after time since, it has demanded that libel proceedings should be begun by the Italian ambassador in London, Berlin and Vienna against the newspapers of those towns that dared to criticise the high-handed piracy of Italy. It is not likely to happen, and everybody knows now that unless the war is finished within the next five or six months, in spite of her financial boasting, Italy will be bankrupt once more. They need no money, says the Press. Yet the Finance Minister has placed before the Italian Parliament a project of law to open extraordinary credits of 170,000,000 lire to face liabilities already incurred, and 35,000,000 to go on with for a little while. They are wasting a large amount of money to no purpose, and although they obtained a loan from French banks some time back, they are not likely to get any more from that quarter.

Even should the war be finished as far as Italy and Turkey are concerned, the Italians will be very far from having become masters of Tripoli and Cyrenaica. They will have to reckon with the Arabs. Much better would it be for everybody concerned to face the possibility of an early settlement. Our own interest is well evident. If Italy carries the war into districts not remote from the holy places, as you pointed out last week, their mischievous conduct may seriously inflame Mohammedan feeling in India. Whether the annexation decree can be withdrawn it is difficult to say; but the Italians are born diplomats. If, at all events, the spiritual authority of the Kalifate over the Moslem population of the colony they have annexed on paper is accepted officially by the Italian Government, the Turks will probably be willing to enter into an agreement, but they will demand, and no doubt they will obtain, a cash indemnity. The Turks will thus have benefited from the Italian coup, as a good many of their friends predicted from the first, besides gaining once more the sympathy of the people of this country.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

GEORGE RAFFALOVICH.

### THE PANAMA CANAL AND BRITISH POLICY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Toronto, Canada, 26 February 1912.

SIR,—I was pleased to notice in your issue of 10 February a letter from a correspondent suggesting, in view of the near approach of the completion of the Panama Canal, that Great Britain should denounce the Monroe doctrine in order to curb the vastly increased power the control of this Canal will give the United States. Germany would then see all opposition on Britain's part to her acquiring territory in South America removed, and without doubt would face that

of the United States by taking advantage of the changed condition of affairs.

This, it seems to me, is the natural solution of Germany's problem of overseas colonisation, and moreover shifts the onus of her antagonism on to the shoulders to whom it rightly belongs. We in Canada are fully aware of the fact (so hard to get your people to believe) that the United States would never lift a hand to help the British Empire unless her own interests compelled her. Why then should you bear the brunt of Germany's enmity merely to protect a selfish policy of the United States?

Sincerely yours,  
J. HOBSON.

#### "FEMINIST WINDOW-BREAKERS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 March 1912.

SIR,—Miss O'Reilly ought to be pleased that the example of the window-breakers was so promptly followed. It was certainly unfortunate that the victims of the "outrage" were the original perpetrators, not mere innocent tradespeople! When will suffragettes realise that they are setting the example to the mob to seek their emancipation too, not by window-breaking, but by robbery, murder and rape?—that, were it not for the existence of these "unchivalrous" law-enforcing men, women would be suffering these horrors to-morrow? Much good our vote would do us then!

Yours etc.,  
AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

#### "BLACKENING BOSWELL."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 March 1912.

SIR,—I read with much astonishment, as many will have done, the gross attack made upon me—a writer of respectable merit and long and varied service for sixty years and more. This is termed "Blackening Boswell"—a rather slanderous description of an interesting inquiry whether Boswell intended his great book as a life of his friend, or as an "apologia pro vita sua". This point had been long ago suggested by Sir W. Scott, Croker and others: and one of our most important "Quarterlies" had thought fit to give my speculations on the point a place. So here was a simple matter for discussion or argument; for refuting the theory or for noting its weak places; instead, I am coarsely told that I have done something "base" and "ignoble"—strong words perhaps beyond the licence of criticism, as reflecting on a person's character.

Prima facie I am not at all a likely person to set about "blackening" Boswell, for my whole life has been devoted to glorifying the pair. My record in Johnson-Boswell matters is, I think, abundant and creditable. A couple of editions of the "Life"—a substantial biography of Boswell—the only one I believe—a volume of criticisms on Croker's work; another on Dr. Birkbeck Hill's; to say nothing of two statues—"call you this blackening of your friends"? Yet I am told that I am "a man of letters that whoops with exaltation" when he finds out anything scandalous about Boszy.

It is clear to me that the writer has read the book carelessly, for he has completely mistaken or distorted the argument. All the particulars as to Boswell's lax life, manners, peculiarities were marshalled by me under what I called "motor forces", and I drew from the "Life" all the passages bearing on them, and in Boswell's words. All this to serve my argument, and prove that Boswell was defending himself. For in a so-styled Life of Johnson all these personal matters would be ludicrously out of place. Thus in the chapter on Boszy's Roman tendencies, I try to show that he always "hankered" after the "old religion", that he retained many of its doctrines, such as that of the Real Presence, Prayers for the Dead, Purgatory, the religious power of Holy Places and the like. I prove all this to conviction, not by way of abusing him for joining or

leaving the Roman Catholic Church, but simply to prove that his insistence on this topic and the great space it filled in his work did not belong to a Life of Johnson, but was intruded to vindicate himself.

Again, there was hardly an opinion of Johnson's that Boszy did not dispute or correct. The critic cannot see that this was insisted on by me, not for any "blackening" purpose, but to show that this was one of the many points when Boswell attempted to exhibit his supremacy over his master, whose treatment of him he had not forgiven, and which seemed to wipe out all obligation.

I will confess, however, that at the close, when speaking of the shocking quarrel in which Boswell was irreconcilable and Johnson marked his displeasure by leaving him out of his will, I was entirely on the side of the great Doctor and indignant with his friend.

Still there is something humorous in the severe sentence passed upon me with which your critic concludes. The book he declares "satisfies us of what we had long suspected, that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is not entitled to rank as a serious or responsible critic of literature or history". Though I have never claimed "to rank" as such, this seems flattering after all. He had apparently been following me and my lucubrations during a course of years, but now renounces me and my evil direction for ever. It is extinguishment; yet it somehow suggests Hoby, the famous bootmaker, when a young Guardsman threatened to "withdraw his custom". "Put up the shutters, John, for Captain ——— won't deal here any more."

Yours faithfully,  
PERCY FITZGERALD.

#### REASON AND VIVISECTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32 Charing Cross, Whitehall S.W.  
18 March 1912.

SIR,—May I point out that you have entirely failed to realise our objection to the composition of the Royal Commission on Vivisection? It is necessary to remove the altogether mistaken impression produced by your leader of last Saturday in regard to certain facts, and I trust you will be fair and courteous enough to allow me the opportunity to do so.

(1) We do not object to "some of the Commissioners having been vivisectionists" (which might have been balanced by others being anti-vivisectionists), but to their being licensed vivisectionists—a circumstance which invested them with power to decide upon their own actions.

(2) Our objection is not, as you suggest, the result of the issuing of their Report, for it was made as soon as they were appointed. On account of it, and of the further fact that no medical anti-vivisectionist commissioner was appointed, my Society refused to send up any witnesses. In our view the anti-vivisection witnesses did no good and some harm.

(3) The main thing required was cross-examination of vivisectionists by a competent medical man versed in the history and politics of the anti-vivisection movement. This was denied us.

(4) Dr. George Wilson cannot be, as you state, "a convinced anti-vivisectionist", since he signed the Report stating that vivisection was "morally justifiable", and should continue.

Yours etc.,  
BEATRICE E. KIDD,  
Secretary, British Union for  
Abolition of Vivisection.

#### COMFORT AT THE THEATRE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Replying to an invitation to be present at a luncheon of the Playgoers' Club, Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote as follows: "I shall most certainly do nothing to encourage playgoers to move into new and comfortable premises. The theatres depend on uncomfortable clubs and unhappy homes, and my income depends on the



theatre." But who would go to a theatre for comfort? The man whose home or club was more uncomfortable than the stalls of a West End theatre would be badly off indeed.

Yours faithfully,

PLAYGOER.

#### HORSES AND DRIVERS AID COMMITTEE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

83A Chester Square S.W.  
13 March 1912.

SIR,—I am desired by the above Committee to ask if you will grant space for an appeal on behalf of the work of the Committee, some particulars of which have already been made public.

We propose to act on behalf of the cab horse and driver alike, by endeavouring to secure better conditions for both, so long as the mixed traffic of motor and horse-drawn vehicles continues.

Where horses are found to be old, diseased, and unfit for work we shall, when possible, acquire them and, if necessary, have them mercifully killed, but such horses as may be suffering only from want of proper treatment will be tended and cared for and then returned to work under our own auspices so long as they may live.

We propose to put on the streets as a commencement a few small victorias of the pattern to be seen in Paris, and in employing drivers preference will be given, other things being equal, to those whose age prevents them taking up new work as motor drivers without interfering with their efficiency as drivers of horse-drawn cabs.

Every vehicle sent out by us will bring our work before the notice of the public, and all lovers of animals will be invited to employ our drivers whenever possible. There are many who prefer the horse-drawn vehicle to the motor, and when driving for pleasure or for making calls the type of vehicle which we propose to use offers conspicuous advantages.

The Committee has been formed under the presidency of Helen Lady Abinger, and includes a number of persons well known to all lovers of animals. Professor Frederick Hobday, a Vice-President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, is a member of the Executive Committee, and has consented to act as Honorary Veterinary Adviser.

Subscriptions or donations may be sent to Lady Tenterden at this address or to the undersigned.

A full list of subscribers will be issued, and in case of anonymous donors it is requested that initials or a nom de plume should be supplied.

I am, yours obediently,

CHARLES REINHARDT, Hon. Sec.

#### LADY DAY.

(Suggested by the tempera panel of Melozzo da Forlì.)

'GAINST the dark cliff, in whitening skies,  
The shepherd watched a strange sunrise—  
Or saw he that great Angel's eyes  
As Gabriel passed to Nazareth?

Beneath that dawn a deeper hue  
Glowed in the wild-flowers red and blue—  
Or drank they of the angelic breath  
As Gabriel passed to Nazareth?

Oh never did the break of spring  
Set birds so gladly carolling—  
Was it they heard that silent wing  
As Gabriel passed to Nazareth?

The old and sick that wondrous morn  
Felt in their veins new blood was born—  
Oh strong was life and weak was death  
When Gabriel came to Nazareth!

GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

#### REVIEWS.

##### THE GAINING OF THE MIDDLE WEST.

"The Indian Tribes of the Upper Mississippi Valley and the Region of the Great Lakes." By Emma Helen Blair. 2 vols. Cleveland, Ohio: Clark. 1911. 10 dols. net.

THE Continent of North America has been so thoroughly adopted as his own by the white man that we of the twentieth century are apt to forget that the red man has any claim on his former domains. Indeed the history of the struggles wherein those vast territories were wrested from their original owners is far too little studied. Vague memories are retained perhaps of the exploits of the Last of the Mohicans, but into the historical basis of such tales we rarely inquire. Such inquiry will be abundantly rewarded, however, and the two volumes before us furnish much valuable information as to the early development of the Middle West and the relations between the Indians and the French settlers in the early eighteenth century and again some hundred years later. The volumes contain a very careful translation of Nicolas Perrot's "*Mémoire sur les mœurs, coutumes et religion de l'Amérique septentrionale*", written before 1720, but not published till 1864 by Father Tailhan of the Society of Jesus; this is followed by a translation partially abridged of certain portions of Bacqueville de la Potherie's "*Histoire de l'Amérique septentrionale*" which deal with the Upper Mississippi tribes. There are also two memoirs on the Sauk and Foxes, one in the form of a letter from Major Morrell Marston written in 1820, the other of a report by Thomas Forsyth, dated 15 January 1827. These memoirs are taken from the original MSS. in the library of the Wisconsin Historical Society, Forsyth's report being here published for the first time. The two French memoirs have never been previously translated into English. The Editor has supplied very full footnotes throughout, largely based on the articles in the "*Handbook of American Indians*" published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, and further information mainly from that source is given in Appendix B; she has also added an admirably exhaustive bibliography giving brief descriptive notes of many of the works named.

It is to Nicolas Perrot that gratitude is chiefly due for much new light on the history of the American Indians in the early eighteenth century. Not only have we his own memoir of considerable length (272 pages), but la Potherie obtained information directly from him. Perrot first came to New France in 1665 as engagé to the Jesuit Fathers, who were in the habit of taking as associates young men who either gratuitously or for a salary provided for the missionaries' needs by hunting, fishing or agriculture. He soon left their service and became a coureur de bois, or licensed trader with the Indians, and it was his work in this capacity which brought him into familiar contact with them and gave him his shrewd insight into their character. He had the interests of the patrie at heart and did all in his power to attach the Indians to himself and to France and to promote a union of the Western Algonkin tribes against the Iroquois to the East, whose power was prejudicial to the French Colony; nor did he lose an opportunity of extending the French dominions. He taught the Indians to beware of perfide Albion as guilty of fearful offences against many tribes, acting in concert with the dreaded Iroquois, who were "like the children of the English". He seems to have possessed some of the best qualities of the field ethnologist, for his powers of observation enabled him to give detailed accounts of the games of the savages and their gambling propensities, and he must have been a ready listener to natives' yarns to judge from his description of their creation myths wherein Great Hare plays the chief rôle, and the story retailed by him of how war first broke out between the Algonkins and Iroquois. "The Iroquois", he tells us, "were not

hunters; they cultivated the soil. . . . The Algonkins, on the contrary, supported themselves by their hunting alone, despising agriculture . . . so that the Iroquois were regarded in a certain sense as their vassals." His patriotism perhaps prejudices him against the Iroquois, for there seems little justification for his statement on p. 64 that among them "married persons separate whenever it pleases them to do so". Perrot's honest view of the relations of white man and red is shown by the following quotation from section xxvii. of the insolence and vainglory of the savages, and what has given rise to it. "Ambition and vainglory are, as I have already stated, the supreme passions that sway them. They see the French commit through self-interest a thousand mean acts before their eyes, every day, in order to be numbered among their friends and to acquire their peltries—not only in the Colony, but also in their own country. They perceive that the commandants, like the rest, trade with them; for among the savages it is the custom of the chiefs to give freely, and this [trading by officials] seems to them so much more the odious. They are so presumptuous as to believe that we dare [not] chastise them, or make their families feel our anger, when they commit any fault; for they, however culpable, see that they are supported by influential persons, and that a Frenchman—very often innocent, and justified by law—is punished on account of quarrels that he has had with them. . . . Such acts of injustice, even though in their favour, make them feel so great a contempt for us that they regard those of the French nation as wretched menials and the most miserable people in the world." La Potherie's "History of the Savage Peoples who are allies of New France" gives many details as to the location, mode of life and inter-tribal relations of the Lakes Indians. He also throws further light on Perrot's eventful career, extolling "his acquaintance with the savage tongues, his experiences, and his mental ability", in fact "it was through his agency that the Mississippi became known". Graphic details follow of his expedition among the Potawatomi. Again, in volume ii. we read of the masterly way in which he dealt with the truculent Ottawas, who actually promised in the end to avenge his death if he were killed while passing through the Iroquois country. He was certainly gifted in diplomacy, but it is well known that the French and English alike availed themselves to the full for their own ends of the feud between Algonkins and Iroquois. La Potherie's moralisations on savage character apply equally to the European's dealings with the Indians. "The savage's mind is difficult to understand; he speaks in one way and thinks in another. If his friend's interests accord with his own, he is ready to render him a service; if not, he always takes the path by which he can most easily attain his own ends."

Major Marston concludes his account of the Sauk and Foxes with some advice as to the methods which should be pursued in civilising the Indians, that private American traders of good character should be sent among them who should "please the Indians and prevent their having whiskey", further that they should "take to themselves 'help-mates' from the daughters of the forest, and thereby do much towards civilising them". Thomas Forsyth had a high opinion of half-breeds. "I have always observed that the half-breeds raised among the Indians are generally resolute, remarkably brave and respectable in the nation." (ii. p. 198.) From the context the allusion would seem to be to intermarriage of different Indian stocks, though the Editor apparently thinks otherwise, as a footnote on intermixture with whites is appended. Forsyth's report is excellent from an ethnological standpoint, the information being arranged under headings.

The Editor is to be congratulated on having collated original matter of considerable value; these two volumes, which contain a map and fourteen plates, should be read on both sides of the Atlantic by all who are interested in the study of man and the rise and expansion of nations.

## THE ART OF THE ITALIAN DECADENCE.

"Baroque Architecture and Sculpture in Italy." By Corrado Ricci. London: Heinemann. 1912. 25s. net.

IF it is happiness for a people to have peace without energy; for nobles to have rank without power; for princes to possess full and undisturbed domestic authority without true independence or real sovereignty; for men of letters and artists to write, to paint, to sculpture, and to build copiously, with praise from their contemporaries, but with derision from posterity; for a whole nation to enjoy ease without dignity, and to sink tranquilly into corruption; no period was ever so happy for Italy as the hundred and forty years that passed from the peace of Cateau-Cambrésis to the war of the Spanish Succession." So opens the famous passage in which Cesare Balbo sums up the history of Italy from the end of the Renaissance to the beginning of the eighteenth century. Alike in literature and in art, the Renaissance had exhausted the creative activity of the Italians. The reaction against the frigid classicism and degenerate Petrarchism, in which the poetry of the sixteenth century ended, led to the seeking of novelty in form and expression, exemplified in Marini, whose poetical ideal was to astonish by exaggeration, to dazzle by profusion and excess. Thus came into being "Secentismo", the spirit of the seventeenth century in Italian literature, which has become synonymous with what is false and unreal. Antonio Belloni, in his masterly volume on the epoch, defines it as "the arduous endeavour to conceal poverty of inspiration under the mask of emphasis and artifice, and to simulate the movement and the heat of passion where the breath of life is absolutely wanting".

Bernini represents in the plastic arts what Marini does in poetry. The counterpart of literary "Secentismo" is the Baroque style of architecture and sculpture, which, developing in the latter part of the sixteenth, came to its height in the seventeenth, and began to decline in Italy towards the middle of the eighteenth century. The volume before us is practically an album of admirable reproductions of every phase and manifestation of this style, with a somewhat too brief introduction from the pen of Dr. Ricci, in which he sets forth to defend Baroque as aptly and splendidly corresponding with the spirit of an age "when society showed above all things a desire to be astonished". We have been a little mystified by an allusion to "the Este Palace at Belriguardo in Ferrara", as the famous palace that bore that name, and which is so vividly described in the "De Politia Litteraria" of Angelo Camillo Decembrio, was built in the fifteenth century and has long since been completely destroyed; but it is evidently a slip for the Palazzo Estense, now Massari, similarly named, at Portomaggiore, which is duly figured among the illustrations.

There are many buildings of this epoch which, like Longhena's Santa Maria della Salute at Venice, stand in need of no apology; but, in the main, it is as the expression of the age that produced it that Baroque appeals to us to-day. To appreciate it at its worth, one must realise the pomp and circumstance of outward life in the Italian decadence. The gilded coaches of nobles and cardinals drive round the squares where the imagination of the sculptors has run riot in fountains that rival each other in novelty and extravagance. While the Jesuits are impressing their mark, for good or for evil, upon the Church, the Popes are making Rome the city of magnificent ecclesiastical ceremony and display; the Colonnade of S. Peter's, the Piazza Navona, the Piazza di Spagna, and the innumerable churches of the epoch tell their own story, and, as Dr. Ricci remarks, are the features which still "give Rome its grandiose and sumptuous character". The Italian princes are stagnating in those vast palaces and luxurious villas, leading an existence apparently as splendid as that of the Renaissance, but without its vitality. The preponderance of the foreigner in the politics of the peninsula has established and maintains



the peace of death, and the gates of the cities are transformed from fortified towers into triumphal arches. Nor is it without significance that one of the earliest and most typical Baroque villas should be the Villa Aldobrandini at Frascati, built to celebrate the devolution of the Duchy of Ferrara to the Holy See, the event which, in the political field, marks the end of the Renaissance and the definite triumph of the Counter-Reformation in Italy.

### THE FOREST ON THE HILL.

"The Forest on the Hill." By Eden Phillpotts. London: Murray. 1912. 6s.

THE influence which some particular aspect of nature may exert in shaping human drama is by no means easy to portray, and harder still to render convincing. In Mr. Phillpotts' latest story, it is evidently intended that the Forest, so elaborately described in all its moods and seasons, shall be shown to take a share in the tragedy which hurriedly enfolds in gloom the conclusion of the tale. Its most closely studied characters, the two gamekeepers, and the girl with whom they are in love, all live in the Forest, and two of them claim and seem to have a natural kinship with its conditions. Yet, from first to last, the reader never feels the influence in which he is encouraged to believe, and those who are acquainted with woodlands, who have lived amongst them, and acquired, even for a time, that peculiar cast of thought with which the shadow of the woodland seems to be invested, will be conscious of the author's complete detachment from the soul of his theme. It is probable, indeed, that Mr. Phillpotts is not a woodlander, and has no capacity for becoming one. He has shown already how well he can enter into the moods of the moor, and depict the outer and inner semblances of moor-bred characters, and it is very possible that such a power debars him from the appreciation of a type of country and of country folk so widely different, one might even say, so directly antagonistic, as the woods produce, side by side though they so often stand with the moorland. The man of the open moor loves wind and sunlight, and the unhidden sky, but the woodlander desires the shelter and the shadows, and leaves and branches always between him and heaven. The woods make for mystery in faith and thought and life, to be recognised even in the very limited arborage of this country, while the moors produce modes of these, strong, bald, and hard, without illusions and without complexity. The moors seem made for, perhaps they make, the methodist, but in the forest the pantheist will always flourish.

And in Mr. Phillpotts' accurate and laborious inventories of the Forest, to which he not infrequently devotes an entire chapter, one feels the distance which he always stands from its inner secrets. He describes it as an artist, too much as an artist, with a delicate appreciation of its colour contrasts and effects, but one feels that he is describing it from afar, as an influence on the landscape rather than on himself or on any of his characters. It was not the Forest that affected Timothy Snow, as the author would persuade us: that was just what it failed to do. As he was, it found him and left him; neither did it impress Drusilla Whyddon with any intrinsic proclivities; and only on Amos Kingdon, who is of no importance to the tale, does one recognise the persuasion of the woods.

But the greater part of the people in the story have nothing to do with the Forest, and their portraits should therefore show no decline in vitality in comparison with that gallery of Devon peasants with which Mr. Phillpotts has already endowed his readers. Yet something does seem to have happened to them. One is conscious of their long-windedness as one never was before, of a humour which is less pithy than usual, more protracted and often too ingeniously evolved. All the chief characters inflict on us a constant repetition of argument, most of all in their love-making, where it can be least endured. Lot Snow alone appears to have an

enduring personality, and that chiefly by virtue of his badness. Audrey, who promises well, seems to slip away from her creator, and becomes a convention; Drusilla is throughout indefinite, and none of the others even raises one's hopes. The whole community seems for the first time to be suffering, or its observer has just made the discovery that it is suffering from the results of a superficial education, and of that form of Socialism which is its necessary complement. The conversations at "The Coach and Horses" are animated by a new and unpleasant spirit, a growing contempt of authority which ranges from its nearest earthly embodiment to the Almighty, and much of the old droll charm and humour is spoilt by the introduction of this extraneous, and not, as yet, wholly assimilated material. Also we are, so far as the story goes, more conscious than we expect to be of the author's assistance. It lacks the steady fatal progress he has been often able to contrive. It is, at the critical moments, too obviously engineered, which detracts gravely from its interest, and concludes in crude tragedy for which, however plainly the train may have been laid, the reader is unprepared, and in defence of which the author can scarcely plead the exigency of justice.

### BRITISH CAMEO BOOK-STAMPS.

"Cameo Book-Stamps, Figured and Described." By Cyril Davenport. London: Arnold. 1911. 21s. net.

MR. DAVENPORT has added one more learned handbook to the twenty odd he has produced at one time or another. It does not seem long since his "English Heraldic Book-Stamps, Figured and Described", was issued, containing some 260 plates and descriptions, every one brimful of some interesting point bearing on history—both general and family—art, archaeology, and all kindred subjects. In this present work he has taken in hand a fascinating subject hitherto even more neglected, as Guigard long ago had dealt with some of the foreign heraldic book-stamps on bindings, though with few of the English. In this work are one hundred and fifty illustrations and descriptions, and anyone already accustomed to compare Mr. Davenport's extremely accurate drawings with the originals will understand as he turns over these pages what valuable records of interesting treasures are preserved to posterity.

As instances of items here saved from destruction, the first English stamp (also recording the arms of six famous families) is that of Queen Anne Boleyn, and as she was only four years Queen it is probably otherwise unknown. The second English stamp happens to be that of George Carew, Earl of Totness, instinct with romance, history, and book tastes. The "Dictionary of National Biography" tells of his courageous and successful attack on the rebel forces of Rory Oge O'More in 1577. In 1578 he held a captaincy in the Royal Navy, and made a voyage in the ship of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. In 1609, near the close of an eventful career, he was appointed Councillor of the Colony of Virginia. Most to the present point—"Carew had antiquarian tastes, and was the friend of Camden, Sir Robert Cotton, and Sir Thomas Bodley".

The third British specimen is the stamp of Catherine of Arragon. The fourth is of very remarkable interest. It bears in the two top corners two small escutcheons: one the cypher and initials of the binder, J. R., the other his trade device with the same initials, he being John Reynes, English printer and binder, who died in 1544. The shield represents the arms of Christ. Mr. Davenport closes his most interesting account thus: "two unicorns, emblems of purity, support the shield, and on a ribbon below are the words: Redemptoris mundi arma" (the coat of arms of the Redeemer of the world). The book is King Henry the Eighth's answer to Luther's letter to him. London, 1528.

In connexion with Henry the Eighth, such names as Sir Thomas More and his close friend Erasmus

naturally come to mind. In this work on Cameo Book-Stamps there appear as many as seven instances in which the interesting stamp is on the covers of a book by Erasmus, and two in which the design covers a binding of Sir Thomas More's "*De Optimo reipublice statu*", 1516. Perhaps More's first sight of Henry the Eighth was when as a youth he and Erasmus, while on a visit together at the country home of Charles Blount, fifth Lord Mountjoy—described by Roger Ascham as "the home of the Muses"—walked over from there to a neighbouring mansion where King Henry the Seventh's children were in residence. Prince Henry, afterwards Henry the Eighth, but then a boy of nine years, was standing in the hall between his two sisters, Margaret and Mary, when More presented him with a poem of his own composition.

What a wonderful man Erasmus must have been the crammed full pages of entries under his name in the British Museum catalogue may give some idea, and as a frequent resident in this country, and a member of our Universities, one almost regards him as truly British. Of the beautiful design from a 1515 book by Erasmus the description opens thus: "The Almighty Father with Saints. Rectangular. Divided into four quarters. In each quarter except the first is a full length figure under a cusped arch with fleurons, supported on brackets. In the first quarter, in the upper half is a half-length figure, full-face, of the Almighty on a cloud bank. He is crowned and holds an orb with cross above it in his left hand, the right being raised in the attitude of benediction. In the sky are stars and dots. In the lower half is a scroll bearing the words *O domine libera nos* (*O Lord deliver us*), and on the ground are tufts of grass and flowers". Fortunately Mr. Davenport, though knowing well the great value of modern photography, is not dependent on it, and is a most observant and accurate draughtsman. Of many of these old bindings it is impossible to get a clear impression by photography alone. In addition to the necessarily technical description, there is a very tasteful biographical account of the subject, of every cameo.

#### THE SCIENCE OF WEATHER.

"Forecasting Weather." By W. N. Shaw. London Constable. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

THE conscientious reader who begins with the introduction because there is no preface will meet his first difficulty in this volume in the author's strenuous advocacy of a reformed system of units for dealing with the weather. Dr. Shaw points out that the teaching of chemistry in schools has introduced the metric system, which is now the only one familiar to science masters, who, if they are called upon to expound in school the weather charts drawn up by the Meteorological Office, "will expound in the metric system the principles for which illustrations will be given in British units on the map". Hence he recommends the use of what is termed by the physicist the C.G.S., and by the person of leisure the "centigramme-metre-second" system of units. He would use centigrade degrees reckoned from the absolute zero for temperature, metres per second for wind velocity, and megadynes per square centimetre for pressure. This, if carried into effect, would take the wheels from the chariot of the ordinary reader; but fortunately the author, "making 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'", like the poor cat in the adage, introduces the new units only on rare occasions, and appears to think quite comfortably, as he certainly expresses himself perfectly clearly, in the old familiar terms.

The threatened barrier of units being withdrawn, the ordinary conscientious reader may proceed to familiarise himself with the latest results in one of the most practically useful departments of science, and he could have no better guide than Dr. Shaw, the Director of the Meteorological Office, who, while scarcely going beyond the researches carried out under his own direc-

tion, has set out the main outlines of all modern advance in the scientific knowledge of weather.

Recent investigations have shown that the facts are much more complicated than the familiar treatises on meteorology suggest. Empirical study has sufficed to classify certain types and sequences of weather on which official forecasts have been based without much increase of accuracy for the last thirty years; but the physical explanations of the conditions shown on weather maps have been superseded or so largely modified in the last ten years as to make the discussion before us a new book in the fullest meaning of the words. The facts are set out rather as approximations to the truth than as a definite compendium, and we find the system of sub-headings employed rather puzzling than helpful. A good deal of the text is quoted from other works by the same author and others, with explanatory notes and minor modifications, making it run less smoothly and develop less systematically than the subject deserves. The illustrations also are often over-reduced and sometimes ill-drawn. One realises, of course, that to make a perfect book demands the leisure of retirement rather than the odd hours of a busy man; but all these drawbacks are more than counterbalanced by the book containing the first presentation to the public of advances in science hitherto only available for the specialist. Even as it is, the general reader can scarcely hope to master the full meaning of all the chapters, for to do so requires a considerable familiarity with the principles of physics; but it is far better for the reader interested in the study of weather to grapple with these difficulties than to rest contented with one of the too common "popular" scientific manuals which give an unreal simplicity to the explanation of phenomena which are still only imperfectly investigated. Dr. Shaw does an excellent service in demonstrating the futility of much of this false simplicity, and his bold handling of cyclonic and anticyclonic weather on broad physical lines is a real advance.

There is no doubt that meteorology has a peculiar attraction for immature and undisciplined minds, who often fail to grasp the fundamental distinction between taking observations, which is a mere mechanical process that can be perfectly carried out by an intelligent and conscientious schoolboy, and discussing the results so as to elicit their real bearings, which demands the whole powers of highly trained specialists. The immature and undisciplined who really wish to understand the present position of meteorology as an advancing science will find profitable labour in toiling through these chapters. The educated mind, even if ignorant of the rudiments of the science, can obtain an insight into the processes of thought required to deal with the common but baffling phenomena of the weather, and cannot fail by a study of these pages to form a high opinion of the work done in the Meteorological Office. As to the ultimate shaping towards perfection of weather forecasts, Dr. Shaw expresses hopes but makes no promises; his hopes, however, are backed by reasons which leave us expectant of future developments.

We have not ventured to go into details, and a book of this kind is so largely concerned with details that we confess ourselves unable to give a fair idea of it in general language. It appeals to the student, and it will, we believe, greatly modify the views of students and open up new lines for investigation and research. It deals with work in progress, and therefore with provisional conclusions which are quite likely not final, and in some cases are probably stepping-stones to truth rather than foundations. It is strong and capable work on new lines, and happily disregards the old tradition of accepting no theory that has not stood the test of time. If Dr. Shaw is able to do as much for the science of his adoption in the next eleven years as in the last, he will make an effectual end of the old sneer that there is no science of meteorology.



## SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Commercial Laws of the World." Vol. II. General Editor, William Boustead. London: Sweet and Maxwell. 1912. 42s. net.

The second volume of "The Commercial Laws of the World" contains the laws of Columbia, with a commentary by Don Antonio José Uribe, translated by Mr. E. S. Cox Sinclair. Columbia is a country, it is interesting to note, in which the general rule is that a plaintiff cannot bring an action without providing security for costs; and there runs through the whole of its procedure rules a most laudable desire to ensure punctuality and dispatch in the conduct of actions. The general commercial code is peculiar in the extraordinary provision it makes for the regulation of a trader's affairs, down to the ruling and paging of the books he must keep and the entry of amounts drawn out for domestic expenses; all which matters, quite apart from any question of bankruptcy, seem to be under the continuous supervision of the courts. To dwellers in a great commercial country such things seem very strange. The Columbian Government has apparently a system of perpetual compulsory audit over every trader in the land. But the English merchant will find more that is of importance to himself in the very full exposition of maritime law set out in the Code of 1870. The collision rules are brief. In case of joint negligence each ship bears its own damage, and in case of doubt the two ships share the damage equally; and the pilot is responsible to the captain and the captain to his owners for the whole of the damage to the ship. The book will also be a valuable work of reference to those engaged in the formation and management of companies in Columbia; and there is, of course, a most detailed code covering all the more general headings of commercial law, such as contract agency and partnership. As in the case of the first volume, the distinguished Spanish lawyer responsible for the commentary is at times a little difficult to follow; and Mr. Cox Sinclair in translating him has often preferred the Spanish to the English form of expression, with results that are not altogether happy. But his translation of the codes is clear and careful, and the general arrangement of the work is excellent.

"Prince Talleyrand and his Times." By Frédéric Loliée. Adapted by Bryan O'Donnell. London: Long. 1911. 12s. 6d. net.

Nothing new has been left to say about Talleyrand. Even the mystery surrounding his marriage has been cleared up, and the publication of the late Monseigneur Dupanloup's letters has told us all there was to know about his last hours and the reconciliation with the Church. M. Loliée had

(Continued on page 372.)

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already shown some skill in sketching the career of that well-known viveur and politician, the Duc de Morny. But in attempting a similar treatment of Talleyrand he encounters difficulties which he had not to surmount before. The international diplomacy of the years extending from November 1799 to August 1807 cannot be successfully dealt with in the same journalistic vein as "The Gilded Beauties of the Second Empire", and similar subjects. By assuming that Napoleon was always wrong and Talleyrand always right, the diplomatist's numerous perfidies may be superficially defended, but it is simply false to insinuate (p. 220) that the relations between Napoleon and Josephine before marriage were similar to those between Talleyrand and Madame Grand. When M. Loliée deserts diplomacy and statecraft for amatory intrigue and conjugal infidelities he writes with a surer touch, and thus, in dealing with "Society under the Directoire" and "Life under the Consulate", he seems more at home. There is, however, little even here that we have not heard many times before. The author has not been fortunate in his "adapter", whether to "adapt" on this occasion means to translate or to render M. Loliée's French into Mr. O'Donnell's own conception of an English dress. His adapter's errors are manifold and mostly the result of gross carelessness. For example, there was no such person as "Governor" Morris; "Gouverneur" is a Christian name. Lord "Kennyon, President of the King's Bench", is no doubt intended for Lord Chief Justice Kenyon. What are we to make of such sentences as "The relations between France and England were queried once more"; "The loveliest woman could not hope to mate him for more than two days in Egeria"? And what sense can the expression "the Judges of his Ardent Chamber" have for the ordinary English reader? "Chambre Ardente" left in the original would have meant something to those fairly well read in French history, or an English equivalent might have been found, like "Star Chamber", but what we have is nonsense. There was no such person as "Lord Hubart, the British War Minister". No doubt Lord "Hobart" is intended, and what are the "Trontin Alps"? Such childish blunders as these are unworthy of an "M.A.", wherever his degree hails from, and they do serious injustice to the author, whose slips in dealing with English matters, if he be indeed responsible, should have been set right.

"The World's Minerals." By Leonard J. Spencer. London: Chambers. 1912. 5s.

This is a thoroughly useful and practical book describing minerals unknown a few years ago but now of considerable value. One however could wish that the author had qualified his statement on page 6 "that amongst minerals each kind assumes a form of crystallisation of its own, and can be known by the shape of its crystals". There being an almost endless number of minerals and combination of minerals it would follow that the form of the crystals is endless. Calcite (marble), for instance, is known to have hundreds of different forms of crystals, while asbestos appears impossible of identification by its crystals. Also one desires more information about the minerals hematite (iron ore) and cassiterite (tin), two very important minerals. The hematite iron ore is well known to contain many impurities detrimental to the manufacture of iron; but some of these so-called impurities when separated are valuable for other purposes. Tin is still treated very much as it used to be centuries ago—by specific gravity. It has such a great variety of colour and forms that it is difficult for any but the experienced to know it. It has such an affinity to its matrix that by the present mode of treatment a large amount is lost in its separation. Antimony is stated to be found in few localities—"Sweden and Borneo." But large quantities are known to exist in China, Spain, Italy, and other countries. On page 146 a short statement is made of China clay, or kaolin, from the decomposition of felspar. One would like to have read more about this. It is an important product, used nearly all over the world for a great variety of purposes—pottery apart. It is found chiefly, one might almost say solely, in Cornwall and that part of Devon bordering upon it. The book from first to last deserves all the praise one can give it. The knowledge, thought, labour, and care in compiling it must have been prodigious. No student of minerals should be without it. All interested in minerals will be the wiser for reading it. Also it is a valuable book of reference.

"The Practical Science of Billiards and its 'Pointer'." By Colonel C. M. Western. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1911. 3s. 6d. n.p.

Colonel Western has aimed here at a very difficult task. Without resorting to mathematical calculations, he seeks to explain to those who would understand billiards the action of the balls however struck. There is a great deal in the book likely to be of value to the amateur, whilst in part, at least,

it should appeal to the professional. It is not so abstruse as Hemming's "Billiards Mathematically Treated", but even with the aid of Colonel Western's "pointer", it will demand pretty close study. To many players, who, partly by instinct, partly as the result of experience, manage to score and even to make a modest break, the diagrams and explanations given of the direction the ball will take under every possible condition must be helpful if they would improve their game. They have reached a point which they seem incapable of passing because they only half know the effect of certain strokes; if they will follow Colonel Western patiently many of their troubles will be at an end.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15me Mars.

M. Gabriel Faure writes charmingly on the Italian Lakes. What a really remarkable fact it is that some Frenchmen can write so cleverly on well-worn subjects that we read them without any sense of satiety, and still more how wonderful a country is Italy that even an accomplished literary man can find anything to say worth reading after the countless articles and books that have already appeared on these well-known scenes! In another paper in this number, dealing with things Italian, M. Marcel Raymond speaks learnedly of Roman art in the seventeenth century. This is well worth the attention of those who study Rome in all her aspects, for Borromini, Peter of Cortona, and Guarini are little known as architects even by those who have studied deeply the architecture of the Renaissance and the Counter-Reformation periods. M. Paul Acker gives us an interesting study of Mulhausen, its political and economic history. M. Charmes' article on current political questions is as good as usual. He points out the great difficulty of the Poincaré Ministry—viz. how to deal with Scrutin de Liste and Proportional Representation. It could have a majority on that question, but, when it was once disposed of, the majority would dissipate itself. M. Poincaré has chosen a majority which is united and likely to last, but which hates Reform. In order to pass a real Reform Bill, a Ministry must be constituted for that purpose alone, and then be ready to disappear when it has accomplished its work.

For this Week's Books see page 374 and 376.

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#### REFERENCE BOOKS.

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Mayhew's "Who's Who in Finance". Parliamentary Section, 1912. (Compiled by Alfred Mayhew.) Published at 4 Pall Mall Place, S.W. 25s. net.  
The English Catalogue of Books for 1911. Sampson Low. 6s. net.

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- Anzeiger der Kaiserlichen Akademie der Wissenschaften. Wien: Holder.

Continued on page 376.

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THE SEDDON TRIAL.  
THE NAVAL ESTIMATES.  
AN OPEN LETTER TO A SPIRITUALIST. By Junius.  
THE WEATHER. By F. Warre Cornish.  
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(Presented at the Fifty-eighth Ordinary General Meeting, 20th March, 1912.)

The Directors have now to submit to the Shareholders the Balance Sheet and Profit and Loss Account of the Bank for the year ended 31st December last.

These show a net profit, after providing for bad and doubtful debts, of £382,451 14s. 6d., inclusive of £126,363 13s. 6d. brought forward from the previous year. The interim dividend at the rate of 13 per cent. per annum paid in October last absorbed £78,000, and a further sum of £21,000 has been appropriated to pay a bonus to the staff. The amount now available is therefore £283,451 14s. 6d., and the Directors propose to pay a final dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, making 14 per cent. for the whole year; to add £25,000 to the Reserve Fund, which will then stand at £1,650,000; to add £10,000 to the Officers' Superannuation Fund; to write off Premises Account £30,000, and to carry forward the balance of £128,451 14s. 6d.

Sir Alfred Dent, K.C.M.G., and Mr. Thomas Cuthbertson, the Directors who now retire by rotation, present themselves for re-election.

The Auditors, Mr. Magnus Mowat and Mr. William Adolphus Browne, F.C.A., again tender their services.

The dividend, free of income tax, will be payable on and after Wednesday, the 27th March.

By Order of the Board,  
WM. HOGGAN, Secretary.

## PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT for the year ended 31st Dec., 1911.

	£	s.	d.
To Interim Dividend at 30th June, 1911	...	78,000	0 0
Bonus to Staff	...	21,000	0 0
Balance proposed to be dealt with as follows:—			
Dividend, at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum, for the half-year to date	...	90,000	0 0
Reserve Fund	...	25,000	0 0
Officers' Superannuation Fund	...	13,000	0 0
Bank Premises	...	30,000	0 0
Carried forward to Profit and Loss New Account	...	128,451	14 6
		283,451	14 6
		£382,451	14 6

	£	s.	d.
By Balance at 31st December, 1910	...	276,363	13 6
Less:—			
31st December, 1910	...	90,000	0 0
Reserve Fund	...	25,000	0 0
Bank Premises	...	25,000	0 0
Officers' Superannuation Fund	...	10,000	0 0
		150,000	0 0
		126,363	13 6

Gross Profits for the year, full provision having been made for bad and doubtful debts ... 564,391 9 11

Less:—  
Expenses of Management and General Charges at Head Office and Branches ... 303,393 8 11

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BERLIN: Georg Stilke, 72 & 74 Dorotheenstrasse. COLOGNE: F. G. Schmitz, Hohestrasse. FRANKFORT: J. Vaternahm, Hauptpersonenbahnhof. HAMBURG: J. W. Basedow, 19/21 Brodschangen. HOMBURG: F. Schick, Library. HEIDELBERG: H. Ruhlmann, 9 Leopoldstrasse. STUTTGART: Konrad Wittwer, Hauptpersonenbahnhof.

## ITALY.

FLORENCE: B. Seeber, 20 via Tornabuoni. MILANO: Paolo Marco, Stazione Centrale. NAPLES: Detken & Rochol, Piazza Plebiscito. ROME: Luigi Piale, Piazza di Spagna. TURIN: Cerallo Maddalene, Piazza Carlo Felice.

## SWITZERLAND.

BALE: Festersen & Co., Library and Kiosques. BERNE: Gustav Frey, Library. GENEVA: Naville & Co., 6/8 rue Pecolat. LAUSANNE: Th. Roussy, Rue du Bourg. LUCERNE: A. Gebhardt, Library. MONTREUX: C. B. Faist, Library. ST. MORITZ BAD: C. B. Faist, Library. VEVEY: Jules Berndt, Library.

## SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

BARCELONA: Louis Berge, 7 Rambla Estudios. LISBON: A. R. Galvao, 18 Praça de Terceira.

## THE RUBBER WORLD. ONE PENNY WEEKLY.

This Week's Issue contains:

CHEMISTRY AND RUBBER.  
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# LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

## 75th ANNUAL REPORT, 1911.

NEW BUSINESS ...	£3,011,000
NEW PREMIUMS ...	£157,000
ASSETS exceeded ...	£8,250,000
THE INCOME increased to ...	£1,101,000

The Average Rate of Interest earned was **£4 5s. 4d.** per cent. The Valuation Rate of Interest is now Reduced to **£2 10s.** per cent. On Table of Mortality.

The Business in force now exceeds **£30,667,000 Sterling.**

## THE PERFECTED SYSTEM OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

### BONUS REPORT, 1907-1911.

The Surplus shown was	-	-	-	-	-	£801,283
Interim Bonuses paid during the period	-	-	-	-	-	£23,804

For the fourth time in succession the Compound Rate of Bonus declared is:-

**£1 18s. per cent. per annum on the Sums Assured and Previous Bonus.**

On the basis of this rate of profit, a Whole-life or Endowment Assurance Policy for £1,000 would, irrespective of age at entry, be increased by Bonus, according to its duration, as shown in the following table:-

DURATION	5	10	15	20	25	30	35	40
Amount of Policy ...	£1,095	£1,199	£1,313	£1,438	£1,574	£1,724	£1,888	£2,067

The RESERVES were computed on a more stringent basis even than usual, the rate of Interest to be earned in the future being assumed to be  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. only; while the EXTRA reserves for safeguards and adjustments have been adopted as hitherto.

### REMARKABLE PROGRESS IS SHOWN BY THE FOLLOWING TABLES:- STATEMENT OF BUSINESS.

BONUS PERIOD.	NO. OF POLICIES.	NEW SUMS ASSURED.	INCREASES DURING THE PERIOD 1907-1911.
1892-1896	3,034	£ 5,485,146	PREMIUMS FROM ... £692,004 to £1,016,217
1897-1901	3,817	£ 6,786,706	ASSETS " ... £5,502,987 " £8,286,552
1902-1906	11,757	£12,330,583	SUMS ASSURED FROM £21,411,832 " £30,667,618
1907-1911	18,933	£16,034,833	

Increase of Premium Income during the year 1911 ... £54,983 | Increase of Total Funds during the year 1911 ... £733,087

**ESTATE DUTIES.**—Policies are granted at specially low rates for Non-Profit Assurances, and these are particularly advantageous for the purpose of providing Death Duties and Portions for Younger Children.

**REVERSIONS AND LIFE INTERESTS.**—These are purchased by the Society, and loans thereon are granted, on specially advantageous terms.

The Directors are most desirous of increasing the number of the Society's supporters, and invite communications from those willing to represent the Society in London and the Provinces.

FULL INFORMATION ON APPLICATION TO—

THE MANAGER, 10 FLEET STREET, LONDON.